

MARCH 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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## THE VIEW FROM HERE

### Great Debate For The 70s: Should We Sell Our Gas & Oil?

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

According to Professor J. Theo Wilson, whose thoughtful article begins on page 34, the greatest crisis confronting Canada at the moment has nothing to do with social unrest, French-English relations, foreign ownership, pollution or poverty. "It is that our demands for energy have been doubling every 10 years, that most energy is made from petroleum and that the United States has used up half of all its crude oil and much of its natural gas." From these fairly mundane facts, Prof. Wilson draws some startling conclusions. The Canadian north is not a rich storehouse of unexplored energy resources, although many of us persist in believing it is. Instead, the meagre size of the oil- and gas-bearing basin in the Arctic indicates that future finds can at best only double existing Canadian reserves. In other words, all of the oil and gas we can ever hope to find either in Alberta or the North, would add up to less than 2% of the world's total reserves. "Thus," according to Prof. Wilson, "world only meet U.S. demands for a few years at best, but Canada needs energy for her own survival and these resources should be harnessed carefully."

The value of the Wilson analysis is that he writes not as a politician with any special point of view to push, not as an economist with a theory to prove, and not even particularly as a Canadian, trying to sound alarm bells. He writes simply as an observer, coolly reporting on the future of a subcontinent where he happens to live.

Paradoxically, the one government that clearly has endorsed the Wilson assessment is the Washington administration of President Richard Nixon, whose own division of emergency planning, O. A. Laroche, recently noted the energy crisis ahead of the cold war and Vietnam in the priority of U.S. concerns. Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton told a Senate committee recently that the U.S. "must pursue" a coordinated energy policy with Canada, and that, in fact, talks on

continental energy planning had already been going on for some time with Canadian politicians and civil servants. The details of such a policy remain sparse, but its outlines seem obvious. When Secretary Morton talks about the need to share the oil, gas and other energy supplies in North America, what he really means is that the Americans would acquire our resources.

Because it would provide the main physical link to any expanded movement of energy resources from Canada

to the U.S., much of that debate will centre on the Mackinac Valley pipeline, the line to ice-oilfield-deliver project being mapped out by a consortium of large oil and gas companies. The pipeline, which would be the most expensive and most complex construction project in Canadian history, will be the subject of hearings before the National Energy Board. The issue is too complex for detailed analysis here and it is too early to make a final judgment for or against the pipeline. But the Canadian government should assure that the energy negotiations be involved quite apart from the many trade problems between the two countries. If trade and energy are not kept separate, we might exchange some short-term export benefits for the kind of long-term energy sales that would cripple future Canadian development.

In reaching its decision on both the Mackinac pipeline application and this country's long-term energy policies, the National Energy Board should not be driven by unwarranted crises on either side of the issue. There's nothing unusual about exporting energy resources, provided they're surplus to our requirements. Neither is it anti-American to sell to our own long-pending national interest by exporting gas and oil sales. As Prof. Wilson points out, "In many parts of the world including much of the southern United States, people will be uncomfortable if heating fuel is cut off. But in Canada, many people would die." ■

#### MACLEAN'S

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COVER: photograph by Michael Weisler



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

If he is to govern this country, Robert Stanfield must find some way of fulfilling Quebec's aspirations that satisfies both his own party and the rest of Canada. Unless the Progressive Conservative message to Stanfield is a full-fledged policy on bilingualism and on other means of achieving Quebec's full integration into the Canadian framework, it will remain dangerously vulnerable to Liberal attacks on the front.

With characteristic thoroughness, some Times dispatches this. The Trudeau party's attempts at rebuilding the "national unity" issue, they say, are not credible — and, of course, in the aftermath of the October '73 election, they were right.

But what about six months from now, a year or two from now? The Liberals may lose the confidence of the House at any time — indeed they may have lost it since this column was written. But Mr. Stanfield himself has recognized that the government could remain in office for quite a stretch. What if the Liberals succeed in reinvigorating their economic and social policies as outlined in the Throne Speech? What if this or that conference manages to relieve the situation of Westerns? What if Mr. Trudeau restores his battered leadership image? What if the Parti Québécois makes further gains in the next provincial election in Quebec?

Then, English Canadians could well snap out of their current indifference, boredom, or downright hostility toward what remains the fundamental problem of Canada. And then, the Progressive Conservatives could well find themselves on the defensive.

There is a saying that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and it applies to the Progressive Conservative party with bilingualism and related issues.

The official stance of the party is beyond reproach. Under the enlightened leadership of Robert Stanfield, the PCs support the Official Languages Act when it came before parliament and have consistently agreed in principle, ever since, with the Trudeau government's bilingualism policy. Mr. Stanfield himself is unapproachable on all counts: even Mr. Trudeau's charge that the Opposition, in accusing the Liberals of playing *Sainte Chaise* in Quebec with their "goodies" during the October election campaign, was somehow flammng anti-Quebec feeling is ridiculous.

But the weak link is, we still there. There are still as the Tories count nine MPs who voted against the Official Languages Act: two front benchers—John Diefenbaker and Walter Dandaneau—and seven others: MPs Kordian, Horner, Cosens, Skerjko, Sawant, Schmalzer and Ritchie. All of them at the time of

## THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY CLAUDE LEMELIN



Robert Stanfield

### PC Response To Quebec Is Essential

the vote, ignored the party whip. None of them have resigned yet, and none have been disciplined. Then there are a few senior Conservative MPs, such as Douglas Alkenbrink, whose one-sided, peay and hostile questions on bilingualism in parliament did much to stir, at least in the eyes of French Canadians, their party's fundamentally sound posture.

Finally there are a few new recruits whose views on bilingualism are in contradiction with party policy. Peter Rixley, for example, the member for Ottawa-West, who claims that bilingualism is merely a "moral" right, as opposed to a constitutional right, of French Canadians.

Altogether, perhaps out of five Tory MPs are in some disagreement with their party's official stance on this sensitive issue. They cannot reverse Mr. Stanfield's policy, but they can give the PCs a bad name and they can think in causing the positive moves that the leader and his Quebec lieutenant, Claude Wagner, need if they are to lure voters away from the Liberals in Quebec.

One thing sympathetic with Mr. Stanfield's position is, but sympathy is no substitute for political efficacy. If he wants to better his chances of governing this country, Mr. Stanfield must push through his caucus a general policy statement on bilingualism that goes beyond theoretical support of the Official Languages Act.

In other words, the official opposition must adopt a positive, active counter-

policy. The findings of the *Constance* task force set up by treasury board, which were linked during the last election campaign, could provide simple ammunition for the Progressive Conservatives who could focus on the following points:

First, that the Trudeau government has placed undue emphasis upon second-language training, a potentially useful program but one which is almost worthless in long as it is not related to an almost exclusively English-speaking work environment.

Second, that the government has not pursued with enough vigor the establishment of French-language units in the public service, although these units are the most efficient way of meeting the demands of French Canadians for a French-language work environment.

Third, that the government has not really tried to speed up recruitment of French Canadians into the public service.

Fourth, that the government should expand considerably programs designed to foster second-language training in schools, colleges and universities.

Of course, by challenging the Liberals on the many-point of bilingualism, the Progressive Conservatives would turn the whole policy into a partisan issue. English Canadians have shown a marked reluctance to see bilingualism. They would prefer, a would seem, that bilingualism remain above politics, beyond the grasp of vote catchers, a sort of "seventh heaven" together with motherhood and other mantras but very real things.

I sense some hypocrisy in this attitude. What other way is there to bring bilingualism into the mainstream of Canadian politics — where it should remain because — in a partisan issue of it and fight elections on competing platforms aimed at the same fundamental goal?

Why should it be proper for politicians to shout each other down over motherhood and second language, but respect for them to do the same over language policy?

As Jean Marchand used to be the Commons, politicians won't help national unity by "sweeping under the rug" the underlying issues between the country's two nations, simply because they're "disative." So, the Progressive Conservatives must take their cue from the Liberals and learn to play politics with bilingualism — vigorously, honestly and on a truly national basis. All parties must accept that what is good for Quebec is good for the rest of the country — and vice-versa. There is no other valid assumption for the maintenance of some form of Federal government in both English and French Canada.

Claude Lemelin of Le Devoir reports from the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

Ed Schreyer has good teeth. They're straight, white, and a good size—a fine political edge. These days, with a provincial election expected in the spring, the Liberal Party's premier is keeping them sharp, working them into his opponents, nibbling at their credibility.

Schreyer, 37, has presided over Manitoba since 1969, when Conservative premier Walter Winter, a Manitowish floral director, gambled his government away. With two years still to run on his mandate, Westminster Wally, as he was called, commissioned a poll which told him he was the best-known politician in the province. He was not the most popular. And he was the advice of a New York public relations consultant who said the New Democrats were weak and disorganized. It was bad advice. He gambled like the furor over Manitoba Hydro's plan to flood southern Indian Lake at the station of cheap power was magnified. It wasn't. The election was a blunder.

Now, led by Winnipeg lawyer Sidney Spivak, it is the Tory opposition that is weak and disorganized. Though he has not yet said so, an independent poll has already found and apparently repudiated one third of his leadership. If the leadership issue keeps the party divided, Conservatives concede that their position against poll may be reinforced against them in rural, northwest Manitoba, a solid, agricultural Anglo-Saxon belt. Spivak is an urban Jew.

Likewise head (Azer) Azar, a tax lawyer who has given up a substantial legal practice to join the Manitoba Liberals, was out of the wilderness. The party has been in virtual wilderness for five years. In 1969, it elected just five members to the provincial house. Azar, in a by-election last August, mounted a costly, expensive and ultimately unsuccessful campaign and was easily.

But even Azar's friends admit he is a political amateur, and it is unlikely that he will perform any miracles in 1973.

From time to time, then, he has been talk of a coalition to against the NDP. So far nothing has come of it.

All of which makes the rural heart of Edward Richard Schreyer, the Premier's son from Brandon: An MLA at 21, later a university professor and MP, Schreyer became party leader in 1968 at a convention attended by about 800 delegates. At the annual convention in December some 700 paid members turned up as below zero weather to raise Schreyer's leadership.

The convention was a tide, battalions of allies, combined with delegates and one prominent eye fixed on the clock. Proceed was dutifully observed. Resolutions submitted by riding associations were passed out at night without debate

BY MICHAEL POSNER



Ed Schreyer

## Schreyer: A Little To The Right Of The Left

as without excitement. The Premier himself said the government would not feel bound by them.

None of this is particularly surprising. The Schreyer administration is nothing if not businesslike, a model of monetary moderation and competence. In government it does have been flamboyant, cautious, and the record reads like a list of progressive 20th-century liberal reforms: ombudsmen, rent/lease, human rights commission, public housing, property tax reduction, estate succession taxes, and so forth. public auto insurance. No giant leap forward for Manitoba, just a series of small steps.

Undeniably, one does not hear much from the party's left-wing members who bristled at the enthusiasm in the process of an NDP rule, while the government clung to power by one uncertain seat. They turned their criticism and haven't looked back.

The Waffle was conspicuous by its absence from the convention, and there was persistent rumour that Cy Groulx, a left-wing spokesman and publisher of the socialist periodical *Canadian Dimension*, is disenchanted with Schreyer's pragmatic democratic socialism and won't seek reelection.

The Winnipeg Tribune, Winnipeg, which reacted to the NDP victory with fear and hostility, has showed slightly. It now maintains an attitude of civil civility. Portage and Main is mid-February.

Still, Manitoba-oriented critics are prominent. The Conservative Union, a economic management, claiming that Manitoba's marginally higher cost

private and income taxes have discouraged private industry and investment capital from locating in the province. They point specifically to Federal Cons Ltd., which sold its provincial operations, resulting in the loss of more than 200 jobs, and to the Hudson's Bay Co., which moved a million-dollar payroll to Toronto (they officials said later the move had nothing to do with politics). The NDP, they claim, has retarded progress, making the old Conservative slogan, "Growing to Best 30."

The government-owned Manitoba Development Corp. (MDC), a partner in some 200 apartment units, has been a favorite whipping boy. The corporation itself is an inefficient enterprise, a usurper of private enterprise's role, a profligate spender of the public purse. Schreyer rejects this. The MDC, he allows, has had its problems, but the rightwingers have been largely so who blame from previous Conservative administrations. That dubious legacy would certainly include Churchill Falls Industries—the celebrated pulp and paper mill in the P.E. Public often contributed to excess of \$90 million to the CFI scheme—a capital outfit, it is now said, that will never be recovered. The Conservatives blame the government for making payments without examining the financing. The NDP blames the Tories for ignoring the other contracts which their hands. And the Liberals are blaming everybody but themselves.

There are other issues. The proposed flooding of southern Indian Lake, and the diversion of the Churchill River to harness hydro power on the Nelson, has environmentalists screaming over the possible destruction of the delicate northern ecology and the loss of recreational lands. The corporation promises an industrial site that in that rushed province of Alberta they've been doing it for 30 years. In the cities, there has been some dissatisfaction with Winnipeg, the public auto insurance plan, but the NDP is using its political weight to reduce house taxes by one to four dollars, the announcement to be made at a strategic moment.

Depending on what happens in Ottawa, the strategic moment will probably come soon, followed closely by a call to the polls. But NDP spokesmen are making no predictions. Ed Greta, the number two man in the cabinet, put it this way: "If you had asked me four years ago whether I thought there would be three NDP provincial governments in 1973, I'd have said you were crazy." ■

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Most people, at one time or another, have owned a lemon. If not a real lemon, a semi-lemon.

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## SCIENCE

BY J. TUZO WILSON



Prof. Wilson

### Silent Courtiers: Never Biting The Hand That Feeds

round. For those being referred they play a large and excellent role in international science. Other scientists have enough confidence in Canadians to elect them to many prominent positions including the secretaries-general of three of the top-down international scientific unions, the bodies concerned with international exchanges in physics, chemistry and geophysics.

The prohibition of government commissions, set up by different departments without coordination, has resulted in severe scientific being separated as members of a dozen or more commissions. They are deflected from their work and become exhausted. The case of a friend who told me that he had gone from western Canada to Ottawa 180 times in five years is extreme but true. The major problem is subtle, but simple to correct: Canadian governments have been slow to recognize that there are only two modes by which a government can get involved in an unbiased advice. The first is for responsible ministers to receive confidential information from permanent civil servants. The second is for the government to ask an independent body, appointed for life and unpaid, to choose the members of commissions and publish their findings.

Absolutely, such bodies have their faults, but they also have three great advantages. Members are selected by their peers and appointed for life and hence cannot shrink off their responsibilities and move on after a short term of service. They are unpaid and hence free from one source of political pressure. They have a feeling of responsibility in

that they already form a civic body, but know that they need to keep referring. This paradoxically, they are less likely than governments to always seek big names and accepted ideas and more likely to appoint able younger scientists for trial and to encourage minorities. In this way they can compensate for a high proportion of older members which is an inherent feature of bodies whose members are appointed for life. Membership in great numbers is beyond the power of ministers to effect, but more highly proud than may other reward.

Conclude does not fully avoid itself of either system. There are many excellent scientists in the civil service, but few are in positions of influence. It is more convenient for governments to follow the faith of experience and believe that conventional new technologies will emerge as signs of scientific supporting evidence.

The outside advisory bodies in Canada all share one feature: that the members are selected by ministers or their appointees for short terms, subject usually to a single renewal. This provides equitable distribution, a suitable for discharging private duty and free for tackling major technical problems, but it handicaps any deep and long-term studies, it discourages anyone from raising important but controversial issues, and it makes careers of scientists. This political pressure is mainly good, but as every minister creates a climate that ensures that many vital but controversial questions are never raised. The effect has been scientifically debilitating. This is what I believe to be wrong with the organization of Canadian science and it should be a matter for concern now that serious problems of a partly technological nature are facing the country.

To remedy nature we need not drastically disturb the system. The government should separate the gathering of information from the making of policy. If good decisions are to be made, especially in times of difficulty, it is vital that they be based upon a diligent search for all issues that the government has the best opinions, even if unpopular. This role is best handled by an academy. The formulation of policies that require attention to financial, economic and political considerations as well as scientific ones can then be left to civil servants and cabinet bodies.

My conclusion is that a team is appropriate for the western world in general and Canada in particular, and that the only way to come to it is to negotiate it and debate the alternatives. More voices are needed. So for the scientists and engineers have seriously been heard and I have been disturbed at the number who, since the Mount Gabriel meeting, have said so privately that they agree with my views but dare not say so in public. ■

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It was, essentially, a Canadian who urged scientists to speak out when he addressed the opening of the International Geological Congress in Montreal last summer. Maurice Strain was the speaker. He had just come from Stockholm, where he had been secretary-general of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment, and he was offering to 4,300 scientists from 90 countries. This public may well ask why more scientists have not followed his advice. The reason is: few can.

Unlike doctors, lawyers or businessmen, a scientist cannot start his own business and make a living. All scientists must have positions. Government and industry wear their employers to society, even university men feel the need to be certain if they are to get grants and be asked to serve in positions of influence or commitment.

For these reasons individual scientists lack the power to speak out, and in most countries they have banded together into academies to speak collectively. The Royal Society in London and the National Academy of Sciences in Washington are highly respected bodies which collect and disseminate independent and expert views.

For historical reasons, Canada differs among all the major powers both without and within. It has no powerful academies. There are several reasons for this. Canada is a country of great distances and thin population so that for most of its 105-year-old history scientists could only afford the time to travel by train to a single meeting a year. Also, the Canadian government has long sought to establish its own advisory bodies.

At first glance it is surprising that Canadian organization of science has been raised into question, for no one has ever been bold enough to say that, for well-intentioned, involves able people, and operates without scandal.

Nevertheless, the government by its actions admits that, although the system may seem good, the results are unfortunate. The government must, in the next years, see that Canada does too little applied research, that it fails to develop Canadian industry, that many graduates cannot get jobs, and that Canada does too high a proportion of pure research which has no immediate effect on the economy.

The Canadian government has recognized the validity of these criticisms and has initiated inquiries into the state of Canadian science by the Gluskin Commission, by the Lancaster-Jones Commission and by the Commission on International Economic Cooperation and Development. All have been somewhat unhelpful.

The criticism costs a reflection upon Canadian scientists which seems unwarranted.

Prof. Wilson on energy, see page 24



Most of us probably think a pipeline is something that transports gas or oil but this is only part of the pipeline potential. True, arctic gas pipelines have been in the news a lot. And CN is part of a consortium working out ways of moving gas from Prudhoe Bay, Alaska to North American markets. But that's only the beginning. There's a specialized team at CN called the Pipelines Project Group. They are part of CN's overall Research and Development effort — skilled technical people and economics experts involved in what may become one of the freight systems of the future.

CN's pipeline people are looking closely at ways of transporting solids by pipeline here in Canada. Coal, for example. Sulphur. Iron ore. Wood chips. Limestone. China clay. Potash.

## The potential of pipelines goes a long way beyond oil and gas.

This system may offer benefits to our customers in speed and efficiency. However, there are many unknowns. How large can the particles be? What size pipe is required? What horsepower is needed to boost the flow? With the help of various Canadian research institutions, our Pipelines Group is checking these out.

Today, the Saskatchewan Research Council is performing tests for CN near Saskatoon. Working with tons of coal from some present rail shippers, we're trying to answer these questions in actual experiments.

The solid material is broken down into small pieces mixed with water to form a slurry, then pumped through pipes to simulate the movement of coal from the mine to a chosen destination.

Why all this interest in pipelines? Because Canadian National is in the transportation business. We can move goods and raw materials in many ways: by a variety of freight cars, tank cars, Cargo-Flo systems, in unit trains, in containers, by truck or by ship. We can combine these modes in various ways, we call that intermodality.

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When that day comes, there'll be an experienced CN Pipeline Division ready to do the job.



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## MEDICINE

BY DR. JAMES PAUPST



Changing mind without drugs

### Good Thinking For A Good Feeling

ing on the body's own resources. There are at least several ways a person can control his body's reaction to his psychological emotions. Yoga and Zen meditation induce changes in consciousness akin to those that can be achieved through hypnosis.

However, hypnosis does alter the conscious state, and because many diseases stem from stress-disturbed consciousness, hypnotherapy has emerged as one of the methods of treatment. Added to this, a new variant of the drug culture has arisen, about as safe as alcohol, marijuana, cocaine, and heroin, and the deep appreciation many women have toward the known side effects of the pill, has forced scientists to use methods that alter consciousness by suggestion rather than chemically changing consciousness with drugs.

The role of hypnotherapy in everyday living is appreciated when we realize that the intrusions upon enjoyment of everyday life are usually from pain and stress and the expense of drugs taken to offset pain or stress.

To all of us pain is an intensely demoralizing experience. It encompasses everything and is seemingly unaccountable. However, pain can be displaced by a more compelling experience. For example, a mother in extreme pain will ignore it if her children are endangered and men in the pressure of battle have been known to go on fighting despite serious injuries. Similarly, hypnotherapy can be used as a conditioning experience to remove pain. A male patient, who had unbearable pain after abdominal surgery, was

hypnotized and given the suggestion that whenever the pain was unbearable he would take himself to another room and leave his suffering body in the bedroom. She remarked on one occasion, "You know very well, doctor, that I always faint when you change the demonstration, so I'll take my hand and feet and leave my body here for you to work on."

When it comes to stress and the ailments of stress such as overeating, smoking, alcoholism and sexual problems, the uses of hypnotherapy are and less than in the case of stress and smoking, which are considered to be pleasurable releases from stress. The desire to stop must be strong for hypnosis to work. For instance, a patient who thought he wanted to stop smoking was given the suggestion that cigarettes would begin to taste like cancer oil, which he loathed.

He managed to stop smoking for only two days and exploded. "I've developed a most remarkable liking for cancer oil."

Anxiety is often the cause of sexual problems. Concern over sexual performance can lead to orgasmic difficulties, impotence and ejaculatory problems. Hypnotherapy has worked well in the removal of sexual anxiety.

For example, a patient complained of being unable to ejaculate both during lovemaking and masturbation. The hypnotherapist learned that the patient had been able to perform sexually up to the time he and his wife had decided to start a family.

Then, in the patient's own words, "Suddenly the enjoyment was all gone. My wife had to become pregnant. The whole thing became depressing and frightened. 'What if I won't be able to ejaculate?' 'What if the baby came between us?' 'I suddenly felt like a destructive force. I couldn't ejaculate from masturbation either, so an artificial mechanism was impossible.'

By hypnotherapy, the therapist was able to suggest to the patient that sexual intercourse would continue to be as enjoyable as ever. He also implanted the idea that the pregnancy was in no way endangering the patient's wife or his relationship with his wife. By the use of hypnotic suggestion the patient's anxiety was removed and he was able to relax and enjoy his wife.

Hypnotherapy has undergone stages of popularity, but it was not officially endorsed until 1955 in Britain and 1959 in the United States. Now it is being used as effective therapy in its instances: psychosomatic illness, increasing resistance to infection, alleviating pain, and removing negative factors that prevent sexual enjoyment. And this is only a beginning; hypnotherapy will gain more and more recognition as a potent, lasting method. ■

James Paupst is a Toronto doctor.





Four New contented film board has deliberately kept a low profile in telling its story over the last few years, those "burn-out" sessions are showing some pretty vigorous flames these days.

*Men Gosh Answer, Dead Of A Legend, A Matter Of For and L'Amour, L'Amour* are just some of the many NFB films and lots more are coming. Challenge For Change / Socialist newsletter is a world leader in the field of innovative social animation, for example, the "beats" micrograph tape centre. Our record of programming films is better than ever and so are our distribution figures. In Canada this last year we beat our best year's (1973) record of thousand commercial bookings by 50%. Around the world we figure that people were exposed to our films about 750 million times. Burn-out sessions?

STANLEY NEWMAN, COORDINATOR, FILM CONSUMERISM AND CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL FILM BOARD MONTREAL

## Out on a limb

In Margaret Atwood's article, *Travel Back (Literary)*, we are told "Refusing to acknowledge where you came from is an act of amputation; you may become a citizen of the world... but only at the cost of some legs or

heart." If this statement is to be taken at face value, surely the Forum of Canadian Literature must be indignantly aware with the severed limbs and mangled bodies of expatriate Canadian authors. Manus Gallant, Leonard Cohen, Margaret Laurence and Madeleine Robitaille to name only a few have lived significant periods of their lives abroad, yet curiously they were sufficiently Canadian to have been included in Miss Atwood's study of Can Lit. *Sansifol*. We can do without this kind of blind, self-contradictory chauvinism.

DOUGLAS MALCOLM, OTTAWA

## High praise

It is my view that superb verbal style is an asset not possessed in any significant quantity by the majority of journalists writing in Canada. It was, therefore, with enormous pleasure that I read Tom Hedley's article *Mickey Mouse At 49* (November).

Hedley's use of language is simply magnificent. And what a relief from the mind-numbing (read, ill-expressed) mangledness of the grade-grinding, social-participating-the-sucks set whose typewriter tappings seem to occupy so much space in our newspapers and magazines.

Hedley's prose is probably the best

thing I have ever read in *Meridian*, and he deserves high praise for proving once again that the best way to do anything is well, and if possible beautifully.

JOHN A. KEEVES, TORONTO

## Well done

Kildare Deblie reminds a *Will Ready* award — *The Will Ready Papers* (January). Who but a Kildare could portray more prodigiously that renowned literature in one brilliant article? Delicately an impressive achievement.

MARGERY B. HUGHES, LONDON, ONT

## More love, please

Canada's national magazine has rededicated itself after the cheap article on Adrienne Clarkson (September) and the very nice *Chapman* December edition.

The January issue contains several solid studies of the political scene and the status of Canadian hockey — *A Survival Plan For Canadian Hockey* by Jean Ford. Could we now look for some articles in 1977 that will help lead and study our beloved country? Self-examination is only good when it leads to treatment and cure. Let's have less hate and more love which will lead us to reconciliation and cooperation.

A. G. MAUTHE, HIGH POINT, CALIF. ONT

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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S



Last September, Maclean's published Melinda McCracken's first full-length magazine profile. The Queen Of Adventure Clarkson is now a strong piece of work.

Many readers wrote letters both for the article and against. The objection seemed to be that Melinda McCracken had not been properly deferential in her approach but in actual fact had the tenacity to write about herself as well as Mrs. Clarkson and to examine her own values in terms of the values of the person she was interviewing.

That, of course, was precisely why we thought the piece was worth publishing.

There have been a lot of questions asked lately about just what journalists are supposed to do. Nobody is less certain of the answers than the journalists themselves. Tell the truth, but whose truth? From which perspective? In what way? To which satisfaction?

Nobody's found the answers to those questions yet, and in a way the questions themselves preclude answers. But certain ideas about journalism are becoming clearer, simply because the questions are being asked. One of them is that a journalist covering a story or writing a profile is not in a vehicle and shouldn't pretend to be.

Writers are not robots. They're people. As people, they're reporting and describing facts and situations as they perceive them. And so we encourage writers to talk about their own perceptions, their own feelings and come whenever they're relevant to the subject or situation they're describing. The result is certainly not the truth, but rather a truth and one that's a great deal closer to human reality than a cold and superficial product of an invisible hand.

In this issue, we're publishing Melinda McCracken's second profile. Since,linger (page 36), a study of Murray McLauchlan, the extraordinary young artist who appears on the cover. She writes not only about McLauchlan but about the things that sustain him for and about the times and scenes that produced him.

Melinda McCracken is writing about herself and writing about ideas, feelings, people in the end about all of us.

The Robert Menzies article (page 32) will be included in The Arctic: Coastbook, a work in progress by Carole Gossie and David MacPherson. It will feature paintings by and feature images of Canadian artists.

## "Mountain hopping, it's sort of the jet age answer to mountain climbing."



"All you need is a rocket pack, a pretty assistant—and you're ready to hop your first mountain. Our take-off point, Chateau de Carillon, in the Tatung Mountains of British Columbia. Susan makes a last minute check, setting her alt watch to my fuel gauge."

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"1, 2, 3. Takeoff! Suddenly I'm at my own speed. It's like a giant bird who could soar to the top of any mountain. All I could think of was... not hop Mt. Everest."



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## REFLECTIONS ON A JOURNEY HOME

BY HGOLOFF BENY

*A fine place to visit  
if you've been far enough away*

The two inextinguishable unknowns of life are where and when we are born and where and when we die. In between these fixed points our choices are as varied as our resources, and magic and curiosity can coexist. Some move out of their birthplace in unresolute concentric order, busily dreaming of further horizons but always returning to familiar territory. Others cobweb out with ever more daring, insistently searching for an identity and home.



My nomadic thrust began at the age of seven through the pages of *The Book Of Knowledge*; there seemed no boundary to the horizons to explore. After years of travel and many books I feel I have only begun my discovery, and the horizons are even more elusive. Now I am in search of the birthplace of the Buddha in Nepal, the impact of the Roman Empire on Asia Minor and Africa, following the footsteps of Muhammad, tracing the itineraries of foreign travelers to Italy over 2,000 years. All a restless search, frustrated by lack of profound knowledge, but stimulated by the agency of our times to courageous experiment before we accidentally annihilate the past with missiles and our senses with pollution. The temptation to be a vegetable at home base, or to meditate in a cave or as a dharma on the Ganges is ever present. But once a "passionate traveler" as he loses he is hooked as a drug addict is but less destructive to himself.

Where did I discover Canada? Certainly not as a young boy growing up in Lethbridge, Alberta, nor as a student at Toronto's Trinity College. I was too close to observe and too involved to be objective. Perhaps I discovered Canada during the seven years of travel and preparation for the creation of my book. *To Every Thing There Is A Season* for Canada's Cla-

ssical, I jostled through our country from every coastline, dove across the land, walked and climbed, and experienced the four seasons as a traveler from a foreign land, not as a native son.

Thousands of miles of indelibly unique scenery unfolded, seasons changed with a piratic vivacity, and archives of negative accumulated to be sifted and culminated in my Rome studio. Finally a book was born after more anguish than any other. Why such a challenge? Perhaps because the canvas was so vast, the composition too scattered and the center too sparse. But why did the book succeed? Somewhere in the canvas unfolded a surprise magic was generated by the country, and I became conscious of many more personal books waiting in each province or territory.

What happened was rather like Odysseus returning from the Trojan Wars to his home in Ithaca: apprehension, confusion, but ultimate fulfillment.

I lost my temper with government officials, local dignitaries, and even publishers, when I seemed unable to convince that Canada was worthy of full-scale treatment as a country. Usually they were unaware of my work, and once they discovered what I was up to I was often declared as an

expatriate eccentric. However, the Zen Buddhist of Japan, where I had long been working, gave me the wisdom of patience and my persistence (a minute instant, since I am born under the sign of Capricorn) I gladdened me, often disguised by my fellow Canadians' lack of enthusiasm and, surprisingly, their lack of a sense of humor, for me a necessary ingredient of life long tormented by living with Italians in Italy.

Now, "going home" means two things: first returning to Lethbridge, where my mother and father moved a quarter of a century ago, and where I maintain a kind of Zen Buddhist retreat underground, and second the 300-mile drive to Medicine Hat where the remnants of my family still reside either above or underground. It means also a reluctant divorce from the winter war glittering along the western coast of the Mediterranean just a half hour from

*(continued on page 66)*

Pauloff Beny was born in Medicine Hat, Alberta. He has traveled widely in Europe and Asia, and now compares Rome via backpackers. Painting and sketches, photography, and writing are his major interests. He is a writer, editor, and graphic arts, studying at the universities of Toronto, Iowa State, California and New York. His books include *The Thousand of Death And Heaven: A Tale Of Death And To Every Thing There Is A Season*, which won the government's gold medal for best writing in Canada in 1976 and 1977 and that year a best seller. His most recent book is *Season: Japan* (McClelland and Stewart, 1977).



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## THE LIMITS OF FRIENDSHIP

*Building the Mackenzie Pipeline comes second. Survival comes first*

**W**here do we live in a cold country. Colder than the United States, which is an important point because the Americans want to buy our natural gas and oil and if we sell too much, what will we do to keep warm? The world is running out of fossil fuels before technology is ready with alternative forms of energy. One suggestion has already been heating our homes with energy drawn from windfalls. Hence the controversy over the proposal for a so-called debt pipeline from the Arctic south to the U.S. border.

Professor J. Tade Wilson, OBE, MA, PhD, DSc, LL.D., FRCS, FRSE, is one Canadian who takes a serious view of any such scheme. A distinguished professor of Cambridge and Princeton, he is now chairman of the Royal Society of Canada and principal of Lincolne College. His credentials as master of both energy policy and northern development are impeccable. One of the world's foremost geophysicists, he served as director of operational research at National Defence headquarters in Ottawa during World War II. His Arctic interest goes back to 1946 when he conceived and implemented Exercise Muskox, a combined military operation in the north which was, in effect, the first time Canada moved into its own backyard.

Professor Wilson has studied the existing oil and gas reserves in the Canadian Arctic and the rest of the world; he has over 100,000 acres with the rapidly multiplying U.S. demands for fossil fuels and has come up with an oil and gas plan. There is simply not enough oil and gas in the world to satisfy even a projected U.S. energy demand by the year 2000. The Americans themselves are becoming aware of this. George A. Lennox, chairman of the Office of Emergency Preparedness and of the North American's Oil Policy Committee, and member of the National Security Council, the President's inner circle of advisers, said in a recent interview that his country is seeking "an energy-deficient era" and that the debate over energy "is going to replace the cold war as the most urgent problem America faces in the years ahead." He admitted there is already in the U.S. a form of industrial rationing of natural gas and warned businesses with oil facilities that they would be well advised to keep their tanks topped off in a big energy tight shortage.

Where were we any longer shocked about the urgency of the U.S. energy crisis they were puzzled late last year when John G. McCain, chairman and chief executive officer of the Continental Oil Company and chairman of the National Petroleum Council's Committee on U.S. Energy Outlook, described as "most serious the security of fossil fuels and the critical need for

domestic resources to ensure what is left. Domestic production of natural gas will decline by about a third in the next 15 years, he forecast, and even with increased imports the availability will be kept only at its present level, or "less than half of our potential gas requirements by 1985." He concluded with suggestions ranging from better insulation in house construction to the beauty of using "smaller and more efficient automobile engines."

Where does Canada stand in all of this? According to Professor Wilson's estimates, the country's total petroleum reserves, in both Alberta and the Arctic, represent at best 1.8% of the world's reserves—a drop in the bucket to the U.S., but sufficient to buy time for Canada until alternate energy resources are developed. That would mean keeping most of our oil and gas for our own use.

Even if Ottawa were to disallow construction of the Mackenzie pipeline the matter would not likely be dropped by the U.S.-dominated consortium developing the project. The Americans not only need our energy resources, they tend to regard them—or at least their availability—as part of their own. President Nixon would insist on support for almost any measures he felt were necessary to preserve the import of conventional oil and gas.

To bring in some of the required fuel from overseas, the Nixon Administration is reported to be on the verge of adopting a revised policy which would call for construction of pipelines, 30 to 50 miles offshore, to accommodate transportation now being built, mostly in Japan. They're up to 100,000 tons now and may go much higher. Work is about to begin on construction of a \$82.5 million project which will create a large Canadian deepwater port, 130 miles northwest of Quebec City in the St. Lawrence River. The project is aimed at the growing number of large ore and oil carriers.

In an article beginning on the following page, Professor Wilson develops the case against building the Mackenzie or any other north-south pipeline. His argument is neither political, ecological nor economic. It is a case, scientific appraisal of the issue. In a separate entry on page 6, Professor Wilson contends that because of political and financial pressures, Canadian scientists don't feel free to speak openly about matters of which they professionally disapprove.

There are disturbing, provocative opinions from one of Canada's most eminent scientists. He cautions us to resist both our powerful, hungry neighbor to the north and our short-term desire for new markets. Resist, he says, or perish.

## SELLING TODAY WHAT WE'LL NEED TOMORROW

BY J. TUZO WILSON

An unorthodox, non-ecological, apolitical view

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY WEBSTER

We were at Mount Gabriel deep in the Laurentians last fall, about 100 of us attending an Ottawa-sponsored conference to discuss the scientific problems involved in developing the petroleum reserves of the Arctic, and as I listened to the papers I kept recalling scenes from my boyhood in Ottawa 60 years before. Automobiles, of course, but they were few and unreliable. The normal means of going anywhere — apart from electric streetcars or trams — was by horse carriage. Deliveries, including coal to heat the house, were by horse and cart or sleigh. Few stores were passed. It was a dull, dirty town, almost without oil and natural gas. Radio, television, airplanes and computers had not been developed.

While I was pondering the experts' views it suddenly occurred to me that, due to the accelerating rate of consumption of energy and the depletion of some fuels, we may well face the same situation some distant ages.

Most Canadians are by now aware that our industrial society is facing an energy crisis of unprecedented proportions. Some authorities, usually a group of international scientists and industrialists calling themselves the Club of Rome, are going so far as to state that what is being demonstrated is the need for a complete reversal in our attitude toward "growth" in the economy, which has traditionally been the great aim and boast of North Americans.

It is becoming painfully obvious that the growth curve of our industrial society predicated on the unlimited and ever-expanding use of energy is on a collision course with the downward curve of resource production. Many prefer to close their minds to the obvious, because realisation demands a most unpleasant reversal of the attitude of most North Americans. Instead of seeking to exploit we must conserve, instead of trying to increase consumption we must curb our appetites.

Such a revolution in thought and behavior is painful, difficult and subject to intense opposition, but those which have been successfully negotiated have brought great rewards. This was notably true of the one associated with Copernicus, Galileo and Newton, which overthrew the old view that God had created the earth as a dominion for man at the centre of a rich or small universe and introduced our current idea that the universe is vast and governed by impersonal laws. This laid the whole basis for science and engineering and the birth of the modern era. Science and technology led to improved food production and hygiene that the population of the western

world, which had remained constant for the 1,000 years since the end of the Roman Empire, began to grow and has grown ever since.

Looking back at the benefits achieved, it seems incredible that the new ideas were opposed, but the "establishment" of the time certainly opposed them and harassed their proponents.

In spite of the opposition of conservatives other lesser scientific revolutions have also been accepted, including Darwin's evolution, Einstein's relativity, atomic physics and, today, ideas of a mobile earth in which the continents are not fixed but are slowly drifting about.

Today we face another revolution in thought that rivals that launched by Copernicus, Galileo and Newton, but it is economic rather than scientific. The Club of Rome commissioned a book, *The Limits To Growth* by Dennis H. Meadows, Dennis L. Meadows and others, which points out that the growth in population, in use of resources and in pollution which begins in the Renaissance cannot continue much longer and must either level off or fall drastically. Some argue radical change in our way of life will be socially disturbing and is hindering to business. The prospect appeals to no one and there is a widespread tendency to ignore the issue and hope that it will go away.

The stupidity of such an attitude can be well illustrated by the thoughtless lack of control with which hunters exterminated the passenger pigeon and the manner in which whalers today are destroying the last big whales and their own livelihood forever. It is not change itself that is dangerous, but the failure to react to it in time. Revolutions in ideas which have been accepted have brought benefits to mankind. But problems, too, and we must face the problems, if more these arise because of economic changes are to be made they must be accepted by the mass of the people and hence must be openly debated, and because the challenges of economic change must be accepted when they are made. A new scientific thought, on the other hand, can be effective if accepted only by practicing scientists and engineers, and their acceptance can be assured. The views of Copernicus are still held closely by the Flat Earth Society, and the literal interpretation of the Book of Genesis is still enjoying equal time with Darwin's ideas in California schools. Copernicus' ideas could be accepted slowly without harm, but if enough food is not grown people will starve.

The most immediate challenge facing North Americans today is not starvation, or pollution, or social unrest, it is that our demands for energy have been doubling every 10 years, that most energy is made from petroleum and that the United States has used up half of all its crude oil and much of its natural gas. This does not necessarily mean disaster, but it certainly requires change.

Any rapid rate of doubling cannot long continue, as the parallel of the successful cornier illustrates. When asked to make a reward he requested that he be given one grain of wheat on the first square of a chess board, two grains on the second, four on the third and so on by increasing doubling for all 64 squares. This king readily agreed, thinking in terms of a few grains, a few bushels or a few sacks — not realizing that the first square would need 1,000 times the world's production for a year.

The authority on United States supplies of petroleum who is most respected is Dr. Karl Halbert, because his forecasts have proved to be correct. He was formerly Director of the Shell Oil Company's research laboratories in Houston, Texas, and is now with the United States Geological Survey in Washington. In 1962 he wrote a very pertinent paper for the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. After discussing 14 estimates by different authorities on United States reserves of crude oil, he concluded that the / continued on page 54

# STREET SINGER

BY MELINDA McCRACKEN

Murray McLauchlan: city kid, artist, metaphor

People don't stand still; they move. For instance, they moved from Europe to North America. The children of those people moved from east to west, and their children moved from country to city and made money. But for the children of those people, there was no place, physically, left to go, and they began to move in other, spiritual, ways.

The time was marked by the appearance of a lot of new musicians. Music was important. It asserted feelings. People had always believed that if what they felt inside did not correspond to what they were told outside, it was their fault, not the fault of what was being imposed on them. Music was a way around that. It was a release of honest feelings, a response to what was going on inside.

Bob Dylan, a young American poet, was the first to sing about his own reactions to what he saw going on. If you were 23 in 1963 when you first heard Bob Dylan, as I was, you mightn't have even been able to understand what he was saying. You had to work to identify with it, since you were already well on the way to becoming one thing, and that was absolutely another. But if you were 15 in 1963 when you first heard Dylan, as Murray McLauchlan was, you had most of your life to reverse or add, you could plunge in on Dylan's terms and make them your own.

A world generation of kids became poets.

It's a long way from the Dylan of 1963 to Murray McLauchlan today. This is a sort of story of how he got from there to here, some of the changes he went through along the way, and the kind of man he is now, 10 years later.

Going to see where Murray lives. Cabbagetown used to be mainly working-class Toronto, but lately middle-class radicals and artists have decided to live there. On a building near the corner is a yellow sign with the name of a garage displayed in spewy lettering. The windows above the garage are covered with flags, indicating somebody is making his house up there; kids often put up big old flags instead of curtains. There's a whole story in that alone.

An obscure door opens onto a two-story flight of warhouse stairs, light floods down. At the top of the stairs, except for a new green washbasin and a toilet with a yellow seat there's just a lot of undeveloped open space.

There is another closed-looking door with a chilling bolt, from behind it comes the trickle of music, an encouraging sign. It's the only door is sight, and there's no choice but to open it.

The dormitory is unexpected. It's a huge, brightly lit, warm open space, divided into living areas by furniture. Around the walls are an upright piano, and a collection of objects — antiquary things, three guitars as mementos as the qualities of human beings. A couple of still lifes painted by Murray, all kinds of things connected to Murray and Patsi Sockwell, his wife, by the wires in their lives they represent, and by the people they've touched.

On a low table in the angle the couches make is a small red TV set with an aerial on it that looks like a big paper clip and in the TV set is Carol Burnett. Murray comes over carrying a plate of dinner and a big mug of milk. He is 24, lean, sexy, with a pale face and a scrappy beard and curly brown hair. His jaw juts out, his upper lip goes on, and between them his mouth cracks open in a wry line. He is wearing a white shirt with blue flowers on it, jeans, a hand-looking leather belt with a buckle in a small church, and Indian association, the kind with the bands on the toes and black fur around. He makes a face at Carol and Vincent Price doing the *Twelve Days of Christmas* in the TV set.

Tonight he's not working. But at least he is on the point of making it. He has played some clubs in the States, he's had two albums released to good reviews and good sales, and is due to go out west in Canada. Between them he's doing a television show for Toronto's Channel 19, the educational channel, called *Curve Line Love*, about musical dreams.

"Lisa Tyson turned it down, Anne Murray turned it down, so I..." Patsi comes over and curls up on the couch beside him, she is small and rounded, continued on page 78



## BY JACK RATTEN

Bobby Hall felt lousy. He was sitting slack and bored against the rich grey upholstery on the backseat of Ben Haskin's black Lincoln Continental. Haskin, president of the Winnipeg Jets and Hall's boss, was behind the steering wheel, guiding the car with one uncluttered hand through the brilliant cold winter moon in downtown Winnipeg. The Continental moved silently except for the noise Hall made clearing his throat of all that damned phlegm.

"Doesn't that sound better?" he apologized. "I know what's wrong. I got the run in Boston and I have no good ever left."

The morning Hull had put in had to come as any relief to his condition. He'd been up at a quarter to eight, only off for half a cup of coffee. Then he'd driven to CIBC for a phone-in radio show, to the Winipeg Arena for a light team drill before the game that night against the Los Angeles Sharks, then to a photographer's studio to choose the color pictures for a special one-dollar Bobby Hull program.

"Arrrrghhh," he gurgled in the back seat.

Hutkin wheeled the Continental into the driveway of the Fort Garry Hotel. He stopped a few feet from a no-parking sign and told the doorman to keep an eye on the car. Handshaken ringed around Hall in the hotel lobby, businessmen who shoved him by grim and admiring defiance. There was another emotion at work, too, something like gratitude. "Thanks for coming to Winnipeg, Bobby," one man said.

The businessmen belonged to the Kiwanis Club, and Hall was a head-taile guest at their luncheon meeting. They escorted him into the hotel's ballroom, a cavernous room done in French Provincial trimmings and gold-painted chandeliers. The tuxedo, the president mentioned, was the biggest of the year. Waitresses served mushroom soup and veal cutlets. Someone read into a micro-

phone that satiates members on the stand in hospital. The president handed out cigars to three men celebrating birthdays, called for a round of applause for the member who'd said the mean Kiwanis applier, and introduced the head table. Hall drew the noisest band. Hinson also a head-on big guy, introduced as "the fella that had the guts to bring us major league hockey when the municipality that runs the NHL deprived us of any hockey and gave it to Atlanta and the other cities that can secure an application." Jack McKelvey, Minnesota's state legislator, Governor, a kindly individual that in his mid-forties, a former Kiwanis president, signaled three

The loudspeaker's advertised speakers took their turn at the microphone, thus Kinsmen, including the Lieutenant-Governor, who remained for 15 minutes. The speaker then turned to me, "Among the Canada-Russia hockey series 'The Russians,' one of them said, 'seems to expect their organization'—and he then proceeded to tell me that I had said that a few words. He hadn't expected to speak and, for a moment, as he stood up, he looked awfully vulnerable. He's a surprisingly smart man, but he's got a little bit of a stutter. He's got a little stutter inside his mind, providing honest critics with a touch of satire to it that takes away the aschrocity in his direct expression. The upper half of his body is very well proportioned. In the hockey series, there are seven around the eyes and he looks down the nose. He's a no-nonsense, straightforward, fair Russian. He's got a few strands of hair, a few strands of a few remaining blond strands from left to right over the crown of his head."

The meet of vulnerability passed in a hurry. Still mild for 15 minutes. He was relaxed, feisty and frank, neither a dumb's joke nor a smart-ass joke. He told the wackster that Harry Sanders still pointed him in August to say he was a Jew. Sanders said that the Jew was a woman later overruled Sanders. He snuck a snail into Al England, whom Hall clearly doesn't like, referring to him as a Jewish character. He told Team Canada might not have won the series. "I feel they didn't" quipped Kharlamov who always controlled the play when he was out there. And he ended, dramatically too, on a raucous climax: "You people are the best, the greatest, the best, for too damn long. I'm proud to be part of the Jets." The Kharlamovs rose and cheered.

Out in the hotel driveway, two cars waited: the Lieutenant Governor's with a chauffeur behind the wheel and Hall's Continental with the doorman keeping an eye on it. Hall leaned into the backseat upholstery, fired again. He wore a tight, useful little smile.

said, "when the Kus-  
continued on page 52



# National Gastronomique

BY SONDRA GOTLIEB

Why the Canadian gourmet too often pays first class but eats fourth

Food is the mainstay of my life. I judge people by their proclivities and start thronging into postry shop windows after a four-course meal at the restaurant next door. My happiness and saddest experiences have occurred in restaurants. Nothing I've seen or done can compare to the euphoria I felt when I first ate *gambelles de brochet* *à la sauce Normande* in the Jura Mountains of France—or the depression I suffered after dining on frozen fillets of an unnamed and unrecognizable fish in a Newfoundland restaurant overlooking the sea.

Recently I got the chance to sashay up grand in restaurants across the country. I was on a cross-Canada tour promoting my book, *The Governor's Canada*, and determined that in every city I visited I'd seek out the best expensive restaurant in town (despite the fact that the two adjectives don't always go together) and enjoy, enjoy with no thought for the bill. As though I were a corporate executive on my expense-account binge. Or Jack O'Connell seized by a mad determination to go from a state of debt to a life in a fortnight.

I now have eaten at restaurants from Halifax to Victoria. I have lifted menus of such weight and ornamentation they made the Chateaubriand fileds feel light and the book of *Menu* look sketchy. My eyes are so accustomed to the dim lighting deemed necessary to elegant dining that I can now decipher a scribbled bill in a photographer's darkroom. I have fulfilled my dream wish that happiness has not followed, as the Greeks well have known: I feel poorer. My pants' pockets turned to bile as I sat on rooms with guests. Taylor loaves and mock stretched pierogies. I was paying first class and eating fourth too many times.

At a first-class restaurant I expect certain things. Soup isn't hot and made in the restaurant's own kitchen. Fresh vegetables and homemade salad dressing. Entrees cooked to order. Protein meats with rich sauces, often from a cow like a hungry sextette, not doused with critical critics of men, decorated with olive foam and tatters of dog biscuit. Waiters who see misters of their profession not the pet-down. Saus-

soundings that are elegant or, at the very least, inebriative.

Now all these sound like relatively simple things but they are found only rarely in Canadian restaurants. Too many owners spend exorbitant sums on hardware, making so much money into decor they can't afford to pay the waiters or, more important, the chef, a decent wage. Brass, pewter and ostentatious cutlery are considered stock-in-trade but first-quality fresh ingredients are not. Vulgarly is mistaken for elegance. (The height of the Canadian restaurant style parade is to be found at the North Star Inn in Winnipeg. Each table is backed by what could be a huge quilted bedsheet in tones of purple and pink and the general effect is that of people's heads and shoulders peeking out from between the sheets.)

Everywhere in the big cities, gastronomic pretension is a curse. Too many dishes with complicated names are thickened with little thought to the delicate techniques necessary for them to be a success. Menus as long as the Galapagos. Eggs au feu. Spanish Gumboche. Chicken Kiev and *petit porc à la poêle*, all cooked by a harried chef nearly retired from Zagreb. The wine steward may have a hair towel cup around his neck or be put up like the Lord Mayor of London in clanking chains and paulownia, but his knowledge of the restaurant's cellar is usually as meagre proportion to his condescension, and the price on his wine list often represents a 200% markup from the provincial liquor control board ratings. Waiters brist at ignorance under a supercilious manner and feet seem under a stuck obsequiousness. During my dining odyssey I was usually either rushed through my meal (cellar was poured unsolicited for while my wineglass was still full) or kept waiting until I was ready to throw a butter knife in order to catch somebody's attention.

Yet part of the problem of expensive restaurants has to do with the people talking in rooms, too often inoperative, noisy, or wheezing and drinking an expensive cognac—who also are offered to pay each prices and can't talk about what's on their plates? Groups of men drink words. / continued on page 66



# Alternative Cuisine

BY ROBERT MARKLE

*A hot hamburger sandwich with double gravy is a thing of beauty and a joy forever*

I love restaurant food. I love restaurant food from restaurants that have jukabonous bling and stodgy formal occasions and red leatherette booths with murtured and ketchup-squeezed borders and cheese-servicing dispensers and plastic-wrapped menus and a faint vinegar smell on Friday nights when the local movie house lets out. Restaurants on the thousands of street corners of the thousands of small towns where long-legged schoolgirls with noses like Loretta and Fay have complex codes and crutch and bend and busy themselves with the beauty of the moment. Restaurants that serve casual western and chicken salad sandwiches on plastic brown and hot sandwiches from the grill and if you want...gravy over everything. Restaurants where you tell them what you want, wait a while, play some lightfoot on the box, read the literature provided by the plectrums (wild game fish of Canada, migratory birds of Gooey County) and out it comes from somewhere in the back behind dirt-upturned awning doors, mysteriously it appears, like a Diner painting, as if it always existed, waiting for me to look at it. *"Do you want your coffee now or later?"*

Or other images: small town Meats First in the centre of rural Ontario, its main street splashed with the hot wetness of a few summers ago, the sun washes the stucco face of Steve's Chicken Villa, a great greasy spoon that served a hot hamburger sandwich that made the blonde drive into town from my town seen like the night before Christmas. It was beautiful. French fries and peas with still a hint of green in them, slappy strings of cole slaw and two hamburger patties doled in bread warmer than my wife's thighs, all slowly sinking into a sea of sticky, luscious brown gravy. Ooohhh.

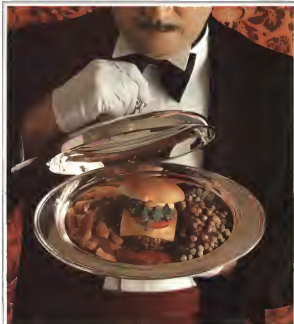
But the Toronto-Dominion Bank across the street had to expand and made its move to that corner site and the eager wickerers took to the very heart of Steve's Chicken Villa and left it a shiny rubble of potato peckings, rain of wasted fat, and smeared old grills blackened with the good wishes of the good

food well and truly served in all those good days gone by. I left the loss personally. Good gravy is the true hallmark of the great greasy spoon. Steve's was right up there.

My honest idea about home cooking is that it should do its best to emulate the formative tastes of your childhood, when your mother did everything just right, and then take you along that very same way you yourself took that sad day when you had to leave home. That is, it should try to be as much as possible like that home-away-from-home for the young starving artist, the lonely greasy spoon.

I've tried other foods. Other ways of eating. I have my crazy friends with credit cards who sometimes talk me into some elegant evening in some fancy-dancy place where you're waited on by people in dark suits who have their jobs and you're supposed to fuss over the waiters and meanwhile all they do is some tragic surprise and the conversation is hushed and always polite till someone complains that the meal wasn't as good as it should have been, and then the only saving grace is that we're extremely small — the bill. The entire evening is fraught with such peril that I cannot believe anyone has a good time anyway. I once ate pasta here. They were so dutiful they drove out a tray and I had to take four L'Espresso past to calm down enough to tackle them. A friend and impeccable gourmet once advised my wife and me to a ramprun gathering at her place. She's a great cook, lots of chut, lots of skill, a kitchen magician. But she undercooked. So while everyone else was making us wonder whether the vent out for Chicken Chut in me, her 8-oz chicken, extra sauce, fresh fries, roasted beets...brussels.

Now the problem here is that (although sometimes I can't for the life of me understand) you can't always eat at a restaurant. There are times when home is the place to be. Since I'm no art nouveau eater all that spice and garnish of fancy foreign just make me lose sight of the fact that I'm eating because I'm hungry. Don't upset the kitchen of a greasy spoon.



Just your place and your enthusiasm. And bring those croutons home.

Yes, and bring it home for next Saturday night. Winter-kidnap night. Hockey Night. In Canada and friends from sunset times may come to enjoy the traditional fair and eye. The color television is always in the kitchen. The first perfect and exact. And absolutely ready for the night. 11 o'clock whistles. (We do not stand for the playing of the Queen.) We eat and cheer and scream and sing and stand and cheer and drink and eat with the ease of perfect food perfectly served in the perfect occasion. The main course is...*hand held!* It allows you to do anything. That's important. You couldn't really stand up and scream with a yard of spaghetti hanging off your fork, waving and spraying spaghetti sauce all about. Yes, without a doubt, Marlene's Hockey Night in Canada. Relegation

Report is the perfect Saturday night.

The Markles are known far and wide for their traditional winter Saturday night dinner before the kitchen color television. The set, black and blue with the grain of Kona, the pine floor gleams with the polished shine of rural Canada, the dogs lie quietly, their wondrous adventures in the daytime show now find memories. Outside the winter moonlight catches fire on the glimmering chrome Ski-doo. It sends long shadows of night blue into the black. Peace here. Our table filled to overflowing with the good things: golden french fries arching sharply into the kitchen light. Wooden bowls of green salad splashed with the spicy, vibrant orange of good Canadian Kona dressing. Wonder Bread hamburger buns wonderfully soft and spongy. Plates of Spanish onion and tomatoes sliced to perfection, their secrets emerging / continued on page 30

# Counter Culture

BY NATALIE FRUMAN

The Great Canadian Lunch Counter as a threatened species

We sure do really see how the concept of fast food got started. History suggests that, a few generations after Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were eating and drinking their thoughts on Italian streets at the Brencon Mermaid Tavern in London, the fourth floor of Sandwich, a man of doubtful reputation had developed a complete habit of eating meat between slices of bread so that he wouldn't mess a bit in a local gambling establishment. From such varied roots does modern spring.

Today McDonald's has opened up a burger stand on the Champs-Élysées in Paris and, if that isn't enough, Colonel Sanders will soon open 200 Kentucky Fried Chicken joints across Russia. Right now France, Belgium, Germany, the Netherlands, Italy and Spain are experiencing the cultural impact of Scotty, Mac & Pats, Chicken Shops, and Bob's 'N' Tater stands.

American fast food franchises are eating new. Not only does Colonel Sanders sell 440 chicken joints in Canada but Canada now has Colonel Sanders himself. My second love, Canadians are big eaters. They spend \$2.30 billion a year on eating out, and, by 1995 the average Canadian will be grabbing one meal in three away from home. Yes, but that gives doctors some belly to argue, it is important to remember that we have always had no indigenous alternative to the fast food road — namely, the great Canadian lunch counter.

Anyone who has taken an unheated stroll at Palmer's Lunch in Toronto, Camille Pelt and Chips in Halifax, Al's Restaurant and Delicatessen in Winnipeg, the Stockyard Café Shop in Regina or the Cabbage Cafe in Vancouver will understand the value of good food at low prices served by people who care.

The great lunch-counter is, like its many ancient landmarks, already a threatened species. Apparently a lot of people would prefer to have processed food, warmed under artificial lights, served with a claim by an edible waitress (who no matter what you say won't hold the coffee from the banquet) and eaten in Pamp Padis or Mouski.

The Canadian lunch counter differs from the American diner-grouty-spice tradition in that it often has a truly English tea shop atmosphere or is simply French. It may be owned and proudly operated by a New Canadian who home cooks his own specialties from the old variety. Lunch counters must often cater to regular, neighborhood customers who treat the counter as a dating room away from home. Valente the waitress variety

knows what Sam wants when he comes in, knows his life story and story of his personal habits, such as drinking beer cars and smoking a too club of five parking at ten in the evening before bed.

Such places have a history all their own that goes back to Depression days when most people, when they ate it off, ate as good, economical lunch counters, where guys on the road, if they had the funds, would always get a job in a short order cook (or "grill man" as they like to say in the trade). An order such as "BLT down, keep off the plate, give me the meat please," interprets as a sweetened, lettuce and tomato sandwich with ketchup, lettuce and tomato, maple-mustard sauce. In Toronto "redie" might mean a extra fish salad sandwich (because you have a million gaff but a million times nothing in Baffin). A Western sandwich is often called a Denver on the Prairie and a Western in the Mountains. An "Auntie and live on a Rail" could mean two poached eggs on toast in Winnipeg but a steak, also eaten at Vancouver. See how it knew about these things.

In a lunch counter that seats 50 people there are usually three short-order cooks: one relief mother, one chef and a server staff. Speech of the day was mostly the tavern and most wholesome, and was prepared from 5 a.m. each day. A good lunch counter menu should be typed each morning and mimeographed and placed in one of those wonderful plastic-covered menus in a cheese holder by the salt and pepper shakers and ketchup bottles. The fastest sign-off in lunch counter quality is "bushes and not the ketchup is wetted down. If it is better. And don't bother using the ketchup."

Steve Tiscari (below) of the Mark Restaurant in Toronto, a known amongst his regular customers as the "middle king." He has worked the position of chef at the Mark, a top job which has a satisfaction after a career that began as the barman in a deli. In his day he was a well-known short-order cook (or grill man as they say in the trade) and never has it that he could have an accident at your table within three minutes. He notes his own hours: million three times a day. "They take 20 to 25 minutes to mix and after that they serve fast," says Steve. "I make everything myself (except when the grill man makes) and if I don't like it myself I won't make it. Then I rotate the menu on my regulars won't know what to expect. If they chicken wings come well I keep them on the menu, if they don't, then off they go." Take heed all you passion cooks.



One of the sure signs of a first-rate lunch counter is the quality of its soup, as it is more often referred to as "soup of the day." A canned soup opener is hostile to the restaurant's eye because it is the homemade aspect of lunch counter culture that separates the amateur from the pros. A good lunch counter should have its own soup kitchen (two sophisticated home chefs of better taste placed) and a large, bubbling pot of homemade soup. A truly fine soup is one with carefully prepared stock, large chunks of meat and vegetables and just the right touch of spices in the taste there is a saying that "the secret of homemade soup lies in the kitchen, that the kitchen is good. When soup is home or turkey gumbo with rice can be a meal in itself, as they say.



The hamburger is the staple snack of a lunch counter and above all the meat is important. It should be freshly ground to below. One of the horrors of the fast food business is the rising popularity of frozen food counters. You say, "chuck burger joint in delivery day and which the main place has after two of frozen meat patties in the freezer. The patties usually come with pieces of meat, paper under, north so that each patty can be torn free while chewing. One of the most common complaints and chemical preservatives and is only added when no natural is allowed in ketchup, mustard and relish. But remember, plates still want serving, fast food as reasonable prices in a generally warm atmosphere — namely, the good old Canadian lunch-counter.

We can thank the Earl of Sandwich for something. Thanks to the smoking tastes of smoking we now have the heated bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich. Consider the preparation of the perfect BLT below. The toast is dry because the lettuce is crisp and not damp the tomatoes are firm, grease has been removed from the bacon by a paper napkin and the mayonnaise has been applied with a certain delicacy. The cheese BLT is served quickly and refreshingly downed in 10 seconds. When the bacon is greasy, the lettuce wet, the tomatoes overripe and the mayonnaise too thick, the toast is made soggy. The perfect bacon, lettuce and tomato is not difficult to prepare. Steve Tiscari takes exactly two minutes and 30 seconds to make one.



# PAST PERFECT

BY FREDELLE BRUSER MAYNARD

A childhood in Birch Hills, Saskatchewan



*The young today are not curious, inquisitive to attachment — and why not? They've seen it all. Furthermore, they've seen it as it happens. Not yesterday's news — Extra! Read all about it! Liar! — but today's happened — but first, an emotional interview. Look, that man, just that the president's killer? That's Armstrong's boy — he's walking on the moon.*

I was eight when I heard my first radio broadcast, a program featuring a female singer. As we gathered reverently round, my father rose and — no doubt, to show his mastery of exotic machines — turned up the volume. The soprano sang louder, "Don't, Papa." I pleaded, "Somebody in Kingston might turn the knob down. Then what'll she do?"

That moment — it was Birch Hills, the summer of 1950 — holds the essence of my Saskatchewan childhood: an isolation, an simplicity, its radiant and tender innocence. We were all, parents and children alike, now hatched to wonder. We had some notion of a world beyond our shells, but we neither dared its nature nor imagined its extent. I know I believed, for years, that telegrams were physically attached to overhead wires and then sent zooming to their destinations.

It is hard to imagine an eight-year-old in the world today so glibly given, so prone to believe as I was. I didn't myself wholly believe in faeries, though I wanted to. But I had friends who had

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# NO EXIT

A CONVERSATION WITH SIMONE DE BEAUVIÖR BY MADELINE GOSSEL

Old age as the ultimate experience

GOSSEL: I followed with great interest the reaction of the North American press to your book *Coming Of Age*. More than 300 articles appeared, several of which were serious studies interesting on the book as an immense documentary which attempts to encompass the subject of aging by the same method already used in *The Second Sex*, namely, through biological, historical, and anthropological analysis, studies of myths, of old age as it is experienced, and finally the social conditions of the aged. How do you feel about the success? BEAUVIÖR: In North America, people like the type of serious essay drawn from all the best sources. Already in the *U.S.A.*, *The Second Sex*, which interested a few people in France but solidified an enormous number of others, was a triumph in the U.S. and Canada and has been so till this day. One finds in the U.S. a huge old age population. There are villages for the aged (naturally for those aged that are well-to-do) and enormous geriatric institutions. Books on the subject are forever multiplying. As in Canada, no doubt, people there can count on a longer life. At the same time, we see that the aged are among that part of the population that is the most impoverished, and it is scandalous in a certain sense, when we know how high the standard of living is for a middle-class North American. I am congratulated for having had the courage to face up to the situation. (Who needs courage to write a book?)

In England, *La Vieillesse*, the title of the book, was literally translated as *Old Age*. In Germany, as well. But the American publisher preferred *The Coming Of Age*, which means, in effect, the passage into adulthood, into maturity. As you can see, the fear is there. GOSSEL: At times we think that the life of the aged is more pleasant in Europe where there are city squares, lively marketplaces and cafes almost everywhere.

BEAUVIÖR: The cities here are set up in such a way that the elderly can most easily take walks on the streets, in the parks, sit on the benches. There are some of the pleasures of the aged. But in France, there are enormous numbers of depressed old people who live in isolated rooms which

they cannot leave, on a fourth or on a sixth floor, without elevators.

GOSSEL: Many of the commentators on the book, who were themselves among the aged, cite your complaint. What they say essentially is, "It is bad enough that the same question is awkwardly pressed upon us, as are the modern homes for the aged, the old age pensions which they've promised to raise, the articles and programs devoted to us in the newspapers and on television. But it is the attempts to isolate us, to keep us together in one place where we are no longer a part of the society that is the real hell!"

BEAUVIÖR: The most terrible thing about old age is, in effect, the segregation. Should we group the old people together, leave them alone or integrate them into the company of people of all ages? Perhaps they should be given parts of buildings where there are people of every age, maybe sections of these buildings where they would be by themselves and wouldn't run the risk of being disturbed. At the same time, they would be near their families, near those who could visit them. If it takes two hours by train to visit a home for the aged, people simply do not go. An investigation made in a town in England emphasized the fact that the greatest pleasure of the aged was to be visited by those who lived in the town, friends, relatives who lived nearby. These visits seemed to depend much more on the proximity of those who came to see them than on any emotional ties or kinship.

GOSSEL: You have shattered the myth perpetuated for centuries, the myth that there was a Golden Age, a primitive society where the elderly were well treated.

BEAUVIÖR: There is a tendency to say that the life of the aged in primitive societies was better than in our society. I concentrated on that because I felt it was a myth. I did studies on the customs of many countries. I found that often the old were vaguely respected as a ritual ceremony, and when anthropologists claim that they, the old, accepted death with pleasure so many facts prove them wrong. They were jaded at by the children, neglected, completely mis-

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Madeline Gossel, a professor of French literature at Iowa State University in Ames, and a longtime friend of Simone de Beauvoir's, recently talked to her for *Ms.* in New York City. This is the second of a two-part interview.



# A HUMAN ALTERNATIVE TO THE BIG HOUSE

BY GEORGE WOODCOCK

DESIGNS AND DRAWINGS  
BY HARVEY COWAN

It's time to send our prisons up the river for good.  
Here's how a writer and an architect would like to do it

The federal penitentiary at Kingston, Ontario, was opened in 1835; it was then, as now, a massive block of stone and steel where men were shut away, in the hope that they would be reformed, but usually, as often as not, to be confined as criminals. Kingston has been rocked over the years by a number of riots, during the most recent two years ago, the convicts seized the Dome, held workmen hostage and held a number of their fellow prisoners, one of them to death. The astonishing thing about the 1971 Kingston riot was its resemblance to an earlier outbreak in 1932, when convicts seized the Dome, held workmen hostage and held a number of fellow prisoners—though some of them died. There was a difference in the aftermath of the two riots. In 1932, negotiations of the crisis were left to the Superintendent of Penitentiaries; in 1971, the task was turned over to an impartial outside board of inquiry. We have learned something over 35 years. But not much. The essential cause of the two riots, and indeed of all prison riots, is the same: substance treatment produces subhuman responses. Our prison system simply doesn't work.

Kingston, if anything, is an improvement on St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary in Montreal, which was condemned in strong terms by the Archbishop Commission in 1938 but still stands, a crumbling symbol of man's incapacity to learn from experience. It was at St. Vincent de Paul that Lowell Kilgore learned something of the Canadian prison system, his son sent there in 1963, when that institution still bore the visible scars of its own savage riot of the year before. Kilgore, a man of no previous record, had been involved in an abortion in Montreal, was held in a Montreal detention and was sentenced to 10 years in jail. He had been shot during the attempt, and a bullet lodged in his lungs, so that he was in constant pain during his imprisonment. The pain, the confinement, the brutal conditions of his life broke Kilgore, one day in July, 1966, in deep despair, he blinded himself with lime from the bucket that served as a toilet in the cell where he was kept. On parole today, Kilgore, broken and desolate, Kilgore is a victim of an

arbitrary, outdated and disastrous philosophy of "corrections."

Our prison system is not merely inhumane, it is also expensive and self-defeating.

In 1965-66 the cost of operating prisons in Canada, provincial and federal, was \$10 million, of which \$27 million was spent on federal penitentiaries. By 1971-72 the cost of federal penitentiaries alone had risen to \$80 million. Since the number of prisoners in the penitentiaries has remained fairly stable in recent years at just over 7,000, this figure means that at present we are spending about \$12,000 per annum to keep each convict in a federal prison. The cost of keeping the 12,000 or so men and women who inhabit the provincial prisons and the 1,000 to 4,000 younger prisoners in training schools is on a comparable scale. But over one Canadian in every 1,000 is in prison at any given moment, the figures have increased substantially in recent years at about 23,000. And to isolate that small number from the society to which they belong we are paying in the neighborhood of \$200 million every year, not counting the cost of courts, police and parole boards.

If society as a whole were benefiting, or even if the interests of the system were benefiting in any degree, there might be something to be said for every one of us laying out his \$10 or so per head per annum as a kind of rehabilitation fee. But the benefits are almost invisible. In cash terms, prison industries are negligible; important, limited by trade union pressures, they are local enterprises which because the nearest fragment of the expenditure, and they contribute nothing to the community as a whole—putting in any rate that can give a prisoner the feeling that his work is of any social value. In the negative sense, that they may keep a number of dangerous men out of harm's way, the prisons perform a service of limited duration. But in the sense of removing criminals into good custody they have failed signally. Out of a total of 4,037 men admitted to federal penitentiaries in 1969, 3,870 (or 46%) had been in the penitentiary before, and 3,188 (or nearly 79%) had served previous terms in some penal institution. More than 20% had served more than five sentences each. Other figures reveal that of the men who complete their penitentiary sentences 65% return within five years. (The proportion among paroled prisoners is significantly lower—about 40%.)

These figures reflect the flow of lives wasted in conditions that any man must find repulsive. When I toured the ramshackle old British Columbia provincial prison at Oakalla, I saw the cages in which the men were locked up every night (not only in the old cell block but even in the new "modularized" wings). There were no curtains to be let down on whatever one might be doing, and no view of the sky. If attention has a quiescent expression, it merely exists in conditions of this kind, for the lack of privacy, combined with the lack of contact with the regenerative forces of human society and the open world, are harder to bear than overcrowding, or filth, or bad food, or any such obvious horrors. (To be fair, the food at Oakalla, which I ate, was better than one gets in most workmen's canteens, but it compensated in no way for the ugliness of the setting.)

When we see such conditions as these and imagine the petty and almost indefinable provocations that incite enormous proportions in the minds of incarcerated men, we have to go back and ask what we really want from a correctional system. The old ideas of revenge and punishment belong to the Puritan past. The argument that prison is a deterrent is disproved by the appalling figures of recidivism. The ideal, set by Plato in his *Republic*, is the place where the driver of real life graduates and becomes dedicated to the vision of crime. With revenge, punishment and deterrence ruled out, we are left with only two possible reasons for taking a man out of society. One is to restrain him for the protection of others—and for those who persist in crimes that demonstrably harm others there is no reason why it should be necessary to remove them. The other is to educate him so that, when he happens to be an

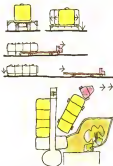


The philosophy of the typical cell block—left visible: there are the cages, complete with skylights to provide a measure of security as well as of the criminal as animal. The exposed roof is an unnecessary view of what little privacy is lost. The living quarters below at the top of the cell block are the only place where life is not lived in a cage. The color scheme adds to the safety of dehumanizing which is so much a part of even modern prison design. Finally, though it does it show there is no window looking down which there is no escape

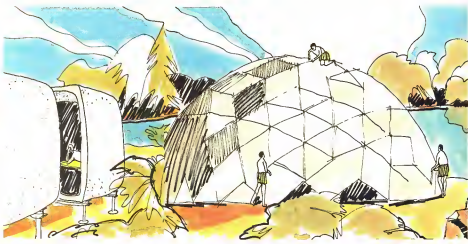


If it is through the living room was deliberately designed to put the inmate at a disconcerting, humbling disadvantage at the one moment in his existence when he expects a shred of dignity. Privacy is obtained by glass partitions separating one man from the next but not his work and he must perch atop his stool hunched forward so that his chest and neck will catch the light through the glass and cut off the lower part of his own important, forbidding stature. If the result of security goes well. These practices must be done as well as

trained and with the same degree of security, the psychological advantage is achieved. A striped shirt and striped pants give some visibility and security. The walls have bars and the solid partitions are covered with sound-absorbing material. Crisping out sound and sound without. And a speaker system is at its level in the partition so that as inmate can talk and listen from a natural position with his back turned toward his visitor. Contact with the outside will always be hard for prisoners. But we can at least avoid making it unbearable.



If rehabilitation is there to be more than a euphemism for revenge, then authorities must do something to take on jobs a system like this is shown to be. Incorporated by track and telescoping onto its own set of wheels on location. Above is a sketch for the permanent base and associated surroundings. Why not? It would give inmates something to contend with which is more uplifting than a barren concrete wall. At first, the real purpose of the portable cell system taking "inmates" out to do useful work on projects that have a real end, more importantly, an obvious value to society. Cleaning up polluted lakes, developing northern wilderness camps. Can a man turn his back on a society he has labored for? The men are building a geodesic dome or a playground. Or anything at all so long as it is useful.



irremediable psychics, he craves to find meaning.

But the large prisons we have today and the large reformed prisons with which it is proposed to replace them, are the wrong places for this. The very process of creating large and isolated communities of prisoners in which bank robbers, muggers, murderers, false-check artists, drunken drivers, pimps, dope peddlers and clearly sad criminals are all thrust together with no regard for their extreme variety of individual attitudes, is likely to foster any serious attempt at education or rehabilitation. At the very least, the process of creating a cell will always occur, but under the present system the rate of recidivism is unlikely to fall and may even increase if prisons become more efficient and no more humane.

The reasons are obvious. Cut off from normal ways of life, given endless make-work tasks which any man would despise, dressed in uniforms that are the equivalent of brands, subjected to arbitrary discipline by ill-educated guards made hostile by their own fear, it is inevitable that those who enter prison for the first time should seek to win approval in the only society available, that of their present peers: the society of the work world that seals itself off in bitterness and pride from the straight world. It is only by taking his place in this minority society that the average inmate can counteract the sense of condemnation by the wider society from which he has come, that he can assert himself from a cell tower into a fantasy world. In such a culture the experienced professional inmate inevitably rules. The man returned to them in prison usually

ally remains under their influence outside. Big prisons create and perpetuate the very criminal society that the law is established to destroy.

Such a situation will not be ended, and the ambiguous road toward reform will never really mean otherwise, until the man who has been convicted of a crime is given a viable and meaningful alternative. The first necessity is the dismantling of the large prisons; their deconcentration into units that are manageable in educational terms and too small to support criminal hierarchies. Small prison units of no more than 100 individuals and preferably many fewer, would enable first and young offenders to be kept apart from old, laid, the powerful to be separated from the violent and the dangerous. Units would be grouped according to attitudes other than those of crime. Even the socioeconomic prison unit need not be ruled out as a possible means of dismantling the sense of living unhumanely.

But breaking up the prisons will be ineffective if the new small units continue to isolate their inmates from the real world of man and nature. The core of a new approach to our treatment of criminals should be the assurance that they are isolated in little to be possible from normal society and from the natural environment, and above all, that their work should be productive and recognized as such by society.

Therefore I suggest that, in place of prisons as we know them, there should be a series of camps on the edge of the wilderness and a parallel series of mobile prisons. These would

cost less to provide and maintain than the great walled-and-fenced fortress we now use, and the savings would pay the extra expense of an ample staff of well-trained, well-paid and dedicated rehabilitation officers to replace ordinary guards.

The wilderness camps — elaborations of those that already exist for young offenders in some provinces — would provide work crews for opening up areas in the mountains to recreational enjoyment in the Alps (on the assumption that if the most accessible areas were developed to attract the mass of tourists, the real wilderness areas would be less exploited). They would also carry out environmental and rehabilitation projects in areas devastated by fire or loggers. Useful work of this kind, coupled with a Spartan life in near-wilderness conditions, would have a special appeal to many prisoners affected by the prevailing youth culture, and would provide all of them with a salutary contact with a world more real than that which many of them have known.

But all this will be merely another form of isolation unless one sets up an alternation between the wilderness camps and the mobile prisons which are the key units in my proposal. These need to be little more than convoys of trailers, which will move around in isolated areas of the country with maximum security precautions. There they will take on the tasks of environmental rehabilitation, which nowadays municipalities and provincial governments hesitate to initiate because of cost and of the unsuitability of labor. The cleaning of rivers, lakes and beaches, the creation of wildlife sanctuaries, the es-

tablishment of a multitude of small parks in the countryside and even in the cities, and necessary firework work in such environmental areas as those that occur when timber is weakened or poplars become brittle, would be the typical tasks.

The obvious, hard-core benefits of this proposal would be that at last the vast amounts we spend in no visible purpose on running a prison system would come back in the tangible dividend of a cleaner world. But that is not the greatest possible benefit. That benefit will come from the fact that the convict will cease to appear to his fellow citizens in the stereotyped image of a dangerous beast who needs stone walls, iron bars, or at least electrified fences, to keep him for the safety of all. He will become a man moving — with the maximum sensible constraint — on the margins of the actual community. He will be visibly doing work that will earn the recognition of others and his own respect. Life will be creating facilities whose use will be an obstacle in him as in the rest of society. Where he is no longer confined he will know that he has helped to better the world to which he returns as freedom. And from that point he can move back more easily into the society where he belongs.

Obviously this will not work in every case. There will always be those who prefer a life that sets them apart from society. They must accept. But I suggest they are a very small proportion of those who now become regular criminals. Most of them are made so by nothing else than our system of vast restricted prisons, and our insistence that the offender be removed from the society to which he naturally belongs. ■

trained or left to its fate of hunger. There are very few positive images in which the aged had a decent role. It is only pompous societies in question of "those and have not" which is the same everywhere that can provide a happy childhood and hence a reasonably content old age. A man who was treated as a child will treat his children well. He will, in turn, be well treated by his children because they will know him. It forms a kind of circle. When we have poverty, we have neglected children. Such children will have their parents and care very little about them in their old age. Perhaps life is happiest in certain rural societies, like those found even now in France and in your country, which are still close enough to a primitive culture and are not completely crushed by the machinery of the cities, where family relationships have retained a certain imperiousness, and where the older person can, by participating in the highest work, remain integrated into the life of the town and the village. It is in the large industrialized cities that life for the aged is most miserable.

**COMMENT:** Some people have accused you of seeing old age in a tragic light and of not showing that with age comes also serenity.

**BEAUVOR:** That is another myth intended to soothe the consciences of those who neglect the aged and to calm those who see day will also be old. **COMMENT:** You prefer to give an attractive image of human life so that old children should be beautiful, all women laughing and charming, and the aged serene.

**BEAUVOR:** Exactly. In the course of my reading and through my contacts with old people in the hospitals, in the homes for the aged, everything pointed to the contrary. "Do not believe in serenity," Sartre's mother, Madame Mancy, to whom I talked about old age, told me, "It is a disgusting time. When you discovered a happy old age in one of your novels, *The Age of Innocence*, it is not like mine. To live beyond 80 is a calamity." Yet, she was fortunate in that the

was often attacked to her son whom she loved and who was very good to her. But she suffered terribly from physical ailments and being old made her morose.

**COMMENT:** When you are young you cannot imagine yourself ever growing old—it is one of these "unrealizable" of which Sartre speaks.

**BEAUVOR:** Yes, the relationship of the young to their parents and their grand-parents must be modified. It is difficult to understand what it is like to be an old person if you lack serenity or imagination. For the young the world is clear-cut. People are old, people are young, it is hard for them to realize that the old are also human beings who retain the same personality they had in their youth.

**COMMENT:** Are there any happy old people?

**BEAUVOR:** I remember something an old man told me when I was 25 years old. "There are old people who are respected but some old people who are happy." All studies made on the aged show that their anguish is either diffused or just below the surface. Literature contradicts the myth of serenity, the old person often appears in a grumbling, unbalanced, angry, impetuous, better. And in real life it is often like that. You could explain it as fear or envy.

**COMMENT:** Even a full, rich and exemplary life, to use Freud's life as an example, is not always crowned by a happy old age.

**BEAUVOR:** You are right to stress that. In a sense, Freud had everything, his work, friendships, a warm family life. But often illness crushes the old. Freud was tortured by cancer of the jaw. He had to slow up his activities. A man whose work is his passion, whose career has been brilliant, and who is then forced to give it up, will suffer perhaps more than someone else. There are still those who have led a well-balanced life, but whose old age is a veritable nightmare because they fear death.

**COMMENT:** Artists, writers, intellectuals who are often self-centered, are they in a

better position to talk about old age? **BEAUVOR:** To talk about their intimate experiences, yes. They are the ones who have left memoirs, letters, intimate diaries from which we derive our information. That is why I became interested in the old age of Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, Michelangelo, Walt Whitman and Swift, among others. Unfortunately, we do not have letters by ordinary people, and even they to some extent at 80 they would not be preserved. Often they are not adequately educated or sufficiently interested to write their diaries or their memoirs. The ordinary man, the man on the street, the worker, the peasant, we know almost nothing intimate about their old age.

**COMMENT:** Some people think that they have a simpler, more natural way of facing it.

**BEAUVOR:** Investigations show the opposite. They tell of the anguish of people who have retired, who have lost their work. Of those who come to hospitals for the aged, many die within the first year. There are many suicides among the old, it is this age group that has the most suicides, not the young. Unlike those in the arts, they do not express their bitterness, their confusion, but their anguish, for they do not have the facility of expression. But they do experience it as deeply as do the others. Similarly, because they write less, and less we write about them, we have fewer accurate revelations by writers. Just the few words of Nizan de Lenclos or Madame de Sévigné. Since it is a man's world, it is always they who are in the spotlight, rarely writers.

**COMMENT:** You speak as when you say, "I have never met even one woman, often in literature or in my lifetime, who considered her old age with complacency."

**BEAUVOR:** I was speaking of narcissism in old men. Victor Hugo at 80 was dazzled by his own appearance. There are old men who look at themselves with pleasure and find themselves good-looking. You can say of an old man, "That is a handsome man." We never say of a woman, "She is a beautiful woman."

We may say, "This is an old woman who is so beautiful, she is a charming old woman." I have never found an expression by a woman which says, "Oh, what a beautiful old woman I am!" But yet, Paul Léautaud can cry out, "What a pretty old man I am!" Nizan de Lenclos, whom we will hear described incorrectly as having had lovers at 80 (she had her last lover at 30), looked at herself in horror. She wrote, "Everyone tells me that I have lost no complexion about this weather, of the affliction of wine. Had anyone expected to see such a life when I was young, I would have hung myself!" Madame de Sévigné said, "Had we been given at 20 our rank according to senility within our family,

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## CUISINE from page 33

across the plates' garners of gold leaf Nupkins and knives and forks and plastic squeeze bottles of ketchup and truly regular mustard, nitro, salt and pepper. Plates of bone-white deviled eggs peeked with the rest of paprika nearby of the most company guests in the room—beamed removers in the Hamilton base of my childhood. Acute-cold root beer or orange pop or root beer, frothy, amber gold in Ash-W mug.

Eat during the first period. Relax and digest during the second. Dessert, tea, coffee or liquor during the third. And hope there will be no overtime. Can life get any better?

My wife usually makes an extra number of cheeseburg patties since I've recently discovered a joyful Sunday afternoon lunch. A relaxed cheeseburg party on toasted white bread with a crisp leaf of lettuce and lots of salt is great with Sunday afternoon NFL games. The football is interesting and each bite echoes the truly Canadian excitement of the night before.

I have a on good authority that even those high-end city people looking for a low-cost experience, people who don't give a damn about hockey or football, are onto this too. Difference is they buy their hamburger meat in the Groceries, use assume used beer, drink water by candlelight and listen to Astrid Gilberto. Sounds like pervs are due to me. ■



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sine train came in Winnipeg, all their players asked for me. They had their picture taken with me and we had some good long talks about how to play the game." Fazio, who told I was the only Canadian player the Russians wanted to meet that way? Fazio: "I would have liked to've played in the series."

Hadden spoke from the front seat. "Those were big men in the company at the lunch today. Bob?"

"Sure were."

"That's who we met on our side?"

"Gleichen."

Hadden drove the Continental into the parking lot outside the Winnipeg Assiniboine where the Jets have their offices. Hull switched to his own car to drive home for a sleep before the game against Los Angeles. He was carrying two cakes he'd bought at the luncheon, proceeds to a Keweenaw kids charity. The Keweenaw had cheered him for that, too.

The two men who organized the WHA, Gary Davidson, a lawyer from Santa Ana, California, and Dennis Murphy, a marketing executive from Fullerton, California, warmed up for the job by starting the American Hockey Ball Association. The two lost money on the AHA. They teamed up with the WHA. They sold the first 10 franchises in the league for \$25,000 each, then split the \$250,000 as a kind of funder's fee.

"Hockey has fallen into the hands of non-hockey people," says Mark Mul-

vay, who writes about hockey for *Sports Illustrated* and who says he's the only writer, maybe the only person, to see games in every WHA and every NHL city. "He's the money man who calls the shots, not the person in type of guy, the Conn Smythe type we used to have. Not local people either in a lot of cases. Just investors looking for a property."

A Los Angeles insider named Mike O'Brien, who is now busy promoting the fine professional track and field bar, bought the San Francisco franchise with a partner for \$25,000, then peddled it six months later to a Quebec group for \$115,000. A Dayton, Ohio, lawyer, James R. Smith, took on the Western team. Nick Trovach, a Buffalo games manufacturer, poured money into Ottawa's franchise. And so it went.

Miami's team dropped out when the local cane council demanded one parking space for every four seats in the arena the club was building. Too expensive. In Calgary, the franchise's money man, an oil executive named Bob Brownridge, grew ill with cancer, and the franchise's hockey man, Scotty Watson, elected to fold the team. The league still moved in to prep up the New York Rangers when the franchise mostly under the burden of a crippling deal for the use of Madison Square Garden, opposed on it by the New York Rangers' owner, went bust. But in one way or another, the WHA staggered into business with 12 teams.

"Except nobody took us seriously," says Winnipeg's Ben Haskin. "Not till we signed Bobby."

Haskin worked out the deal with Hull: one million dollars on front, another million in 1976's back account. By December 1, 1972, a third million over the next 30 years for services as left winger, coach and, not the least, public relations man. "So," Haskin explains, "in this new owner's evening I told him the whole league was going to benefit—right?—and everyone should throw in for the first million dollars." Which is why the huge blowup of the Hull payment hanging in the Jets' offices shows the actual league to be down on the account of WHA Properties Limited.

(Hull, incidentally, didn't bank the entire business, even after taxes. Some went to pay off money advanced to him upon order by the late James Norris of the Chicago Black Hawks, Hull's old team. Hull considered it something less than a loan. Arthur Watts, present Chicago owner, called it a loan. Write was, Hull also paid out for an attractive 15-room house, priced around \$200,000, complete with indoor swimming pool, on a large corner lot in the Tuxedo area of Winnipeg. "I'll tell you what sort of district Tuxedo is," says Don Wittman, a Winnipeg TV personality and a neighbor of Hull. "The NDP doesn't bother to run candidates out there.")

With Hull signed and the first WHA picks dropped, the new league presented two questions. How would it affect the NHL? Would the WHA really survive?

To the first, Alan Eagleson, speaking in the NHL Players Association hall, has the answer. "I'd say in the first year the WHA plus normal inflation has cost the NHL five million dollars in increased salaries. Bill Harris, the number one draft choice from the Toronto Marlboro Juniors, wouldn't have got \$250,000 for his first two years out of the New York Islanders if the WHA hadn't been bidding for him too. In 1971-72, players' salaries made up 34% to 38% of the NHL's gross receipts. Now it's 40% to 45%. And take the average salary increase for individual players—it was about 15% in 1971-72, more like 35% this year."

But will the WHA last?

"Last?" says Ben Haskin. "Why else spend millions on Bobby Hull?"

Five thousand, one hundred and five people showed up for the Jets game against Los Angeles on the night, a Friday, of the Keweenaw luncheon. The 5,300 cheered when Hull came out for the pregame warm-up. They cheered when he appeared for his first shift and for his first slap shot (it crossed the LA net, struck against the glass and rebounded all the way to center). They

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chanted leader for the announcement of Hall's name on Winnipeg's third goal, which they did for the entertainment of the goal scorer, Chris Berdeleis. They blew their minds when Hall himself scored the sixth Winnipeg goal, a hard shot, net-a-shup, from close in off a lovely winged, more graceful, Jan "Angel" ngle, deflectionist. They even cheered when a nervous note from the Seattle Sounders team presented Hall with a steel pack fat, so the nervous man said, Hall's promotion of junior hockey. Our Bobby, 3,125 minutes thinking it out.

The game was laughter, 64 jets. The level of play was often closer to senior amateur than to NHL professional. And most of the evening's entertainment value came in those moments when Hall powered his step down, when Hall wheeled at his own blue line and headed up for waiting for the pass that he and everyone else in the building knew was coming his way, when Hall swept in on the Los Angeles goal that champagne was being poured in the stands, in the curve of his stick with one hand, holding off the checkers with the other. No player anywhere, you thought at those moments, can lift a hockey crowd the way Bobby Hull can. But what were those moments? Were they symbols of something to come in the WHA, a move ever upward in the careers of play? Or symbols simply of Hull's last hurrahs?

The game offered a couple of other, lesser symbolic incidents. In late, late defense, the career on Hall's line, had the puck breaking across the LA blue line. His right winger, Norm Macdonald, was open. Hall on the left was surrounded. Berdeleis pounced to Hall who took the puck to the middle.

"I have to get the puck out to look for me all the time," Hall said after the game. "They always want to pass me the puck. In one game I had to bench myself for a couple of shifts because they weren't playing the normal game when I was there. All they did was pass to me."

Larry Horvath, a defenceman, scored Winnipeg's seventh goal. The announcement over the arena's public-address system gave the goal to Berdeleis. Hall stood watching it as the officials' breath over the jets' own breath. One of the officials picked up the phone announcing him to a booth high over the ice. A few seconds later, a man rushed from the booth into the press box.

"Bobby says Horvath scored," the man said, flustered.

"That's right," a superior answered him, and the man hurried back to the booth.

Someone asked, who was that?

"The official scorer."

The public-address system announced a change in the last goal, Horvath not Berdeleis, and the reporter said, "They told Bobby's word for most things

around here."

"Well," Hull said later, "you gotta remember the officials haven't had 25 years experience running big league hockey like they have in the NHL. We're all brand new."

When Ben Haskins sits at his desk, he isn't very well off. Nothing moves, not his smallish, dapper eyes, nor the large, handsome, impulsive head, nor the hefty body. He is a very composed man. His clothes are without a flaw, black suit, white shirt, black tie. He is polished. He is the man of an important Don in The Godfather. Haskins has made his money in various things: jukeboxes, a nightclub or two, corrugated cardboard.

Haskins doesn't have big big money, and when he looks on the jets' line — he's always late again — he brought in his friend from the Winnipeg Jewish community, Dave Simkin, for \$900 (Simkin died in early December, but his share remains in his estate at the writing). Haskins' brother Robin came in for another 15% Haskins' share is only 35%, but he calls the show. The Hull caper was all his.

"I'd say Bobby has meant at least 1,500 more jets for every game he's played," Haskins says. "He's also brought me different class of people. At first, when the jets wouldn't let him on the ice, we had mostly kids coming to the game. Now we got old daddies. You have to remember that, in comparison to the big NHL clubs, Winnipeg isn't the richest place in the world. A hockey ticket's a big investment for a working guy out here even if he has been dying to get pro hockey in his own city for a long, long time."

Haskins shows dollars where he can. He tried to talk the provincial government out of its entertainment tax in order to hold ticket prices at five and six dollars. No dice, prices, with tax, are \$5.50 for blues \$6.60 for reds. The government helped out, though, by buying 250 season tickets, which it sold, in the words of Ken Lyon of the Jets front office, "For people who normally wouldn't see a game — unemployed folks, people in hospital and Indians."

Lyon also covered the jets, with the jets, "there've been disappointments in some ways." For instance? "We thought the rink'd be jammed the first few times. Hall played — it holds 11,300 with standing room — but the crowds were only around 7,000. We thought arena tickets would move faster, but they were just at 2,000 at the beginning of the season. It's a psychological thing — people in Winnipeg think \$254 is a lot for a season ticket. But they have to realize they're getting 30 games for that. So what we're trying to do is build the Jets like the Saskatchewan Roughriders in Scotland, a community thing in other words, and we're starting to get that. There's hundreds of fans coming in from Kenora and Brandon and the Dakotas and from Thompson up north. We're working it."

Or, as Ben Haskins likes to say, "You gotta put up a foot even if there's no star in the back."

On the morning after the Winnipeg-Los Angeles game, Vincent Price, the actor, and Karen Magnuson the sister took the same plane from Winnipeg to Edmonton that the Jets traveled on. But the passengers in the waiting space and on the plane had eyes only for Bobby Hull. Hull gave Price a gift hand as he passed him bounding the plane, nothing accompanying but if it Price knew who the real celebrity was that morning.

On the bus from the Edmonton airport into the city, the driver asked Hull to arrange orders for the night's game between the Jets and the Alberta Oilers, "a real nice my nephews, Bob," he said. "My nephews, Hall and He resident in room in the new and sleek Chateau LaCombe and a line formed to interview him, an American magazine writer, an Edmonton newspaper reporter, two radio news trading tape recorder. Hull shared something fresh for each journalist, mini-scoops all round.

To Ken Neelander, host of a coach's talk show on CROM, Winnipeg, said he took the broadcast of each Jets game. "Ken, I don't think it's quite fair to charge Edmonton fans WLLA prices in an arena like the one they have in the city right now."

To John Robinson, host of a clutch show, Johnny-On-The-Spot, on CICA,

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BOBBY HULL, continued

Edmonton "No, I don't think all that money's changed me. I never think about it except for the security for my family. The thing about money to Winnipeg is that life goes at a slower, easier tempo than in Chicago."

After the last wage increase had left, Hull splashed some water on his face, loosened his tie and contemplated his role in the WHA. "The guys you deal with, the WHA owners I mean, have a different attitude than in the NHL. Talking to Ben Haskins is like talking to Sam Pollock in Montreal. Ben isn't hard and regimented like that. In Chicago, yeah, in Chicago, they wouldn't give you the meat of their act. NHL people don't care about anything, about how they treat the players, as long as they make a lot of money. But I could have stayed with the Black Hawks and not worried about money or about making part of the season like I've just done. Life would have been much simpler for me. But, hell, the WHA is something that's been needed. It's made room for more guys to play and make a living, and it brought entertainment to people who used to be able to only get big league hockey on TV."

"What was strange about the NHL, looking back, is that whenever I'd go into an exhibition try, the other team'd always send out some fan kid to chuck me all right. 'So-and-so held Hull score!'—how many times did I read that in the papers. But that's ridiculous. The people who come out to the games want to see me score goals. That's why they pay their money. Then what happens is that the other team makes sure I don't even get a chance to score. All right, the team's coach is paid to win games, but what's the sense of winning if you're gonna drive fans away and tell the franchise anyway? I hope they don't go in for that in the WHA."

Bill Hunter, the general manager of the Alberta Oilers, is a "hockey-bolic." The description comes from Jim Coleman, the sports columnist who spent many of his early newspaper years in Edmonton. Coleman explained what he means one evening this winter over dinner in the revolving dining room at the top of the Chateau Laurier, Edmonton's grandest hotel. "Bill was a big supporter on the players for an investment syndicate. He was making a lot of money. But he couldn't get away from hockey. He had to get himself involved with every team that came along. So he quit the interests business and is sure chance to get rich, and he went into hockey again and a lot of work that isn't being in much. That's a hockey-bolic." Hunter is graying and heavily lined and very infectious. He's the man who got the Alberta franchise off the ground. He banked the hockey money, some of it from Canadian Cablevision (who

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# Two sides to this story.

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BOBBY HULL continued

own a big chunk of Famous Players, and he signed the players. But, yes, he grants that the franchise has no problem. Yes, the arena is too small, just under 4,000 capacity. Yes, the Old Kings junior team is tough competition because it's firmly entrenched with Edmonton fans. And, yes, the crowds haven't been that big so far, about 3,000 average. Still, Hunter's full of fight and confidence. There'll be a new arena any year now, and, no fear, the fans will come around.

Hunter was at his wheeling-dealing bayonet on the afternoon of Hull's arrival in Edmonton. He had the season's first sellout on his hands. The phone rang. Hunter answered. Dunc's The first chief wouldn't let him sell stand-out-room tickets. The phone rang again. It was Hull asking for some tickets. (He is the bus driver and his nephew.) Hunter put the tickets in an envelope and handed it to a messenger.

"Hey," he said to the messenger, "make sure Hull pays for those. He's got more money than us."

When Hull dashed onto the ice in the Edmonton Gardens, he suggested the great old champion putting his teeth and brilliance on display in the stick room. The arena is almost as old as the century. Horse shoes used to be in stone legends, and its thick cold air still holds whiffs of hay and wine and horsehair's whiskey. For hockey games, not more than half the seats offer clear views of the entire ice surface. Players must be getting in the way. But as this night everyone in the Palace spotted Hull's first snap off the bench, and a great emotional roar shook the building, as if the people inside were announcing to themselves that, with Bobby Hull there, they'd gained the big league.

Hull drew another cheer, almost a riot response, with his first slap shot, and at 11:45 of the opening period he spotted the Alberta goalie, Jack Norre, into the game's first score. The first period was ripped in an hour from the right side, Hull down the left, Norre skated the puck. Norre looked for the inevitable pass to Hull. Norre shot instead. 1-0 for the Jets.

Then Edmonton's Val Pantiyev, 48-Detroit Red Wings, and a wrinkle skated took over for the night. He hung four or five feet off Hull's tail through the rest of the game, checking, delaying, harassing him. The crowd held silent through much of the second period. "What the hell's there for them to yell about?" a man said in the press box. "Hull's not doing a thing!" They cheered near the end of the period when Pantiyev let a shot go from inside the Winnipeg blue line and tied the score.

Halfway through the third period, Alberta's Al Houtson broke away and

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#### BOBBY HULL continued

Hull, the last man back, tripped him. Penney had wret off and Alberta scored, 3-1. A few minutes later Hull scored a slap shot that hit Fonteyne's leg. He leaped off. But it was too late for Winnipeg, and Alberta scored at 18:57. Goals over.

A couple of dozen kids waited with their parents outside the Winnipeg dressing room. Hull gave them autographs and smiles. He posted a little girl on the head and asked if anybody still needed a wrap of paper signed. He smiled some more. But later when he heard how an announcer on CBKT-TV lead off the sportscast — "Vol Fonteyne did a masterful job of holding Bobby Hull tonight as the Alberta Oilers ..." — he said our cunks were

"Crap." He said

Howard Holstein, who is young (30) blond and otherwise looks like Robert Wagner, says the reason why the New England Whalers, of which he is president, make up the WHA's strongest franchise is because "we were the quickest to organize, quickest to set up front office personnel, quickest to sign players." Then, sitting confidently behind his president's desk in the Whalers' state-of-the-art office in downtown Boston's State Office Building, he says that there is another secret of success besides speed.

"We did one basic thing differently from the NHL," he says. "We went out and deliberately assembled a team that has local identity. Look, our coach Jack Kelley, is a man born in Boston who coached Boston University hockey for 10 years and finished up with back-to-back NCAA championships the last two years. He's practically a legend around here. Then we've got four veterans who played for Jack in BU and those were players from Boston College including Tim Stoeny who won on the 1972 American Olympic team. Larry Plein from last year's Montreal Canadiens grew up in Lynn in the Boston suburbs. Todd Green was with the Bruins and lives year round down here. Tom Webster and Vintery Williams, who's another American, both used to be in the Bruins. You think the fans don't want to identify with local guys? You bet. Even I played some hockey for Jack at BU! He got me from the freshman team."

Boston attendance tops in the league with almost 9,000 per game, would be even higher, according to Holstein, if the team played all home games in the Boston Garden (capacity 15,000) instead of 25 there and 14 in the Boston Arena (capacity 6,000).

"The Arena's got what you'd call a negative image. People think the neighborhood's unsafe, which is too bad because we spent about \$250,000 to fix the place up. But the thing is you don't have

continued on page 64

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to sell hockey in the Boston area. It's just like a Canadian city that way. There are rules all over the state where young kids play the game. For the Whalers, the Aon is the only major problem at the moment. But next year we'll be moving to the Garden for all our home games, and by 1974, '75 at the latest, my partner and I will be building a brand new arena of our own in downtown Boston."

Bobby's partner? Well, sure, he's Robert J. Scherwitz of New Jersey, entrepreneur/builder of retirement communities (Lazare Technology Corp.), owner of the Whalers and of the Boston Celtics basketball team, holder for a franchise in the Canadian Football League. Scherwitz and his megabucks — they, for the Whalers, are another secret of success. Guaranteed.

Three weeks and five days after the Jets game in Edmonton, Bobby Hull was sitting early in the afternoon, a Monday, in an elegant private dining room off the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Somerset in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Jets players had finished a team meal before the game that night against the Whalers. A hotel assistant manager arrived in the dining room, smiling, rubbing his palms. How, he wondered, was the meal, Mr. Hull?

The assistant manager's smile

dropped away at the edges, the pale-rubbing accelerated.

Hull: "Those night-owls stinks were four-ounce meat, two-ounce fat. Too, ah, petite for growing boys?" Hull took his turn at smiling. "I know you're gonna fix that next time we come through town."

The assistant manager recoiled. Hull looked hostile. It had something to do with the skin under his eyes, not so purple and loose as a marshmallow.

"My blood count was down was what it was," he said, fiddling with his coffee cup. "Now I'm taking iron pills. I said everybody I wouldn't get really going until close to the New Year. It was like that the year I had to hold out in Chicago the first 14 games. Took me two months to warm up."

At that point in the stance, there in the Somerset, Hull had named every WHA city at least once, and, sitting over his coffee, he didn't mind losing up the league's strengths and weaknesses.

"Ottawa. Civil servants aren't sports fans. The owners'll have to find another spot for the franchise."

"Los Angeles. The fans are okay but you must have a wingman out there. LA only turns up for a winner."

"Quebec. There's a lot of good people behind the franchise. The government's behind it, too, and the fans know the game. Strong."

"Chicago. They'll have to build a new arena. It's a well-lit arena out in the suburbs. Then the fans won't be nervous about going out at night."

"Houston. The fans aren't an education job on hockey, then things'll be sold."

"Minneapolis. Good franchise, even better when there's new big hockey centers open."

"Edmonton. They could do a better job. The fans could do a better job. These are Canadians who understand the game and they've been waiting so long for big league hockey. But they're not backing the team and I don't get it."

"The one year point I've noticed around the league is that too many players or too many franchises aren't selling the game. You should do everything to get people into the buildings. I told some of the young players in Houston they should go out and sign autographs in appliance stores and shopping places, be nice, talk to fans, talk to the kids and tell them to bring their parents to the game. You gotta work at it, but some of the top stars don't know from one league isn't moving their ass."

The game that night, Jets vs. Whalers, started at 7 p.m., the only way, according to Howard Schultz, to beat the telecast of ABC's Monday night football game. Schultz was right. By 7 p.m., 9,119 people were waiting in the outdoor and smokeable Garden. New England was in first place in the WHA's Eastern Division, Winnipeg led in the Western Division, and the game seemed to promise something special. It was one of the games — the hockey, especially in the third period, was suspense and exciting.

In many ways, the style of play resembled you of the early days of the famous American Football League before it merged, successfully, with the National League — it was full of dash and aggression and the old college try. The Whalers didn't put a specific aim on Hull, but they gang-checked him relentlessly. Three times the third period, Hull was crushed to the ice, once into a goal post. He didn't score all night, though he set up one Winnipeg goal with a mazzetta bit of feinting and passing. New England won, 4-3. One of the Boston University grad student's young punk, a Boston College grad, got the winner. And the fans went home happy, happy with the win, happy with the local guy's private triumphs, happy with the bodying of Hull.

"Know what this is all about?" Hull said after the game. "Know what we're in? What the league is?"

"What?"

"Show business."

Then Hull picked up his gear, getting ready for the trip to, let's see, Philadelphia next, two games with the Flyers. Taking the show on the road. ■



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"I'm sure that Mr. Trudeau would be happy to know that the economy has just been given a shot in the arm."

**ROLLOFF BENY** from page 20  
my loved ones on the Tiber.

Reasons for the family in Christmas therefore, means first nine to 12 hours on an overcrowded aircraft also with the strongest of Italian and Greek cuisines waiting for the Italians visiting and emigrating to Toronto. Even on arrival I feel I am still in Italy for they are met by a hysterical reception at the inadequate, bawled airport where seemingly every one of the city's 300,000 Italian population has congregated in a reception committee. After passing through customs I am faced with at least another five hours aloft, made even more cumbersome by the bulk of fat cows. Christmas perch, turkey and the like by reason of the need to be group home! The descent after Calgary on a winter afternoon when the frozen skytoppers seem carved from blocks of ice was a giant the Shango-to eyes of the Rocky Mountains in its entirety as my hand experienced. Here we dugested with steaming breath and I prepared for the final voyage into a minute, 18-passenger airbus. This short flight is usually the most rewarding. First the fat Poles, so grotesquely round, then the sizeable blond Canadians, then the sleek blond, blond, blond under snow, only missing the chiselled words, a unique phenomenon allowing the entire to gaze all winter. Now a state without honour is relieved by assured

valleys of snow draining from the eastern slopes of the mountains to reach as far as the Mississippi. The Gothic towers of gaily painted pine elevations, towns with English names like Diamond City, People Springs, New Island, Seven Persons, cast long shadows at evening downwards and I approach my destination, Lethbridge.

Here one of the most desolate environments in Canada is under construction. The engineer, Arthur Erickson, has ingeniously raised the eight-level, \$36 million project to the landscape by designing his structure to straddle the cliffs of the Oldman River, thus creating a semi-circular, slanted apartment, harmony with the natural landscape. I staked the periphery photographing them. I walked the miles of echoing, empty corridors which normally would be with the footstep of 5000 students.

A last, incredible sight in "going home" includes 100 miles by road. The destination is Medicine Hat.

Medicine Hat, an oasis in a deep valley carved by the serpentine South Saskatchewan, is where I didn't expect to be born. My camera had captured the landscape the man had founded and flowered and it may now be one of the unique small cities of western Canada. Having lived on the East River in New York, lived by and overlooked the Argenta from

Above: the Grand Canal in Venice; the Arno in Florence; the Seine in Paris; the Thames in London; the Imperial Moat in Tokyo and Italy settled on the most beautiful curve of the Tiber in Rome, it surprised me to find such sophistication in the city of my birth.

Now there is a remarkably efficient, if conservative, five-million-dollar college overlooking the center where we ritually congregated as they Tiber on the banks of May. The one remarkable pilgrimage I made was to St. Patrick's, the silver-spired, concrete, Gothic cathedral on the banks of the South Saskatchewan, which first enticed me as a pastor and, in fact, was my initial link with European architecture as a child. This Christmas day I satiated, camera in hand, to look at this stately edifice through a camera lens. I prowled around it in the minus-25-degree crystalline air, the time regarding every angle with the experience of the splendid array of European cathedrals of all ages and denominations in my memory bank. When my feet, arm and hands were rigidly frozen and I felt secure that my camera had captured the complete image framed by frosted, obelisk-like pines, I entered the serene nave, warmed by multicolored stained glass, and lit candles for my Catholic loved ones in Italy. ■

#### GASTRONOMIQUE from page 20

after meals, their taste buds aware to peanut butter and sweet-and-sour apple ribs. The ketchup bottle, though longed for, is not used because they think this is elegant dining. The lemon pie may ring when hit with a fork and the breads look like seaweed, but they are a pleasant concession even though the untidiness food, pretentious surroundings and odd/fiercer service can cost as much as \$60 or \$70 for two.

I sat at the table, my way across the country in Toronto. After someone research among friends who had experienced lives and my own dedicated handcraft I decided to try the Woburn House dining room. A reservation had been made the day before, but I made the mistake of choosing female dining companions which means we were immediately placed at a table beside the entrance. This section seemed to be reserved for what many expensive restaurants consider undesirable - females at a cheap (poor) price, furnished with children and single male diners. It was only 7:30 p.m. yet all three parish dames were hunched together in this little ghetto consuming only each other. As the evening went on, ladies in long skirts with male escorts were reduced by us to the further plannings reaches of

the restaurant for why from the door but this action never became more than two thirds full. Why didn't I complain? I was playing a game, pretending to be an average Canadian restaurant under who believe that it is bad form to fawn in public. More humiliations followed. After several supplications to purchase and squirming around in our chairs to catch our own water's eye, we were eventually provided with spaghetti. But getting the wine list become quite a challenge. Apparently, ladies drink "Blackberry Blackout" "Brandy Alexander" or "Meadow Miles" but was rarely (This is a wine waiter's dogma and it could be correct. One of the long wine was drinking whiskey down all evening and literally fell on her face as she left the Top People section.)

Our wine came, but the waiter still thought this was some sort of showiness on our part, and never refilled our glasses. The food? Well, the Manhattan clam chowder was tepid but that didn't matter since in flavor was instantly forgettable and there were no dishes to speak of. Always one for trying local food, I ordered Ontario partridge, some dollars it is corn, served with "skid game" liver, coffee, mince sauce and wild rice. The waiter said, "Don't order

that, it will take 40 minutes." I explained that I was not at the Woburn dining room because I was in a hurry. In fact, the bird arrived 20 minutes after he brought me my course for a soup. Almost too quickly. The partridge was good and the sauce, though too peppery, nevertheless had a rich flavor. The goose liver tasted like squares of *Shokun*. And where were the staffs? Best of all was the wild rice, not really as an after, it had first almost crumbled. A local ordered scallops, which had cracked from overcooking, and her fresh green beans, poor dumps, had wilted from all that heat. The French pastries were dry and unspectacular, looking cold and uninteresting. The waiter had to tell me that the morning was coffee. I wouldn't have known otherwise. Both women with us were very disappointed but mine they had eaten rapidly at the Woburn when they had been accompanied by me. Maybe yes, maybe no. Perhaps everything tastes better when a man is paying.

Now I moved on to Montreal, the restaurant scene of Canada. Although Italian, Greek, Spanish and Hungarian cuisines are well represented, it is French cooking that is the great specialty of this city. Prices are high, but the

continues on page 24

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Ernest Hemingway lives. He is standing at the bar of the yacht club in Port Antonio, drinking rum punch and talking about the marine and how good it is when the big fish comes up on you and makes his run across the top of the water and it is just you and the fish and it is a fight to see who is going to stay alive. I am taking notes.

"This is the best place in the world for the big marlin," says Ernest. He is a dentist from Manzanera. "This is the place the big marlin like."

"That so?" Ernest pushes his baseball cap further back on his head. "This is what it is Jamaica. It is just you and the big marlin." I am about to ask him what it is elsewhere, but his eyes have started to cross a little and Mrs. Hemingway takes him by the hand and leads him away from there.

Ernest is very rich, and so can afford to

live in the fantasies of the rich. He is Hemingway, dentist or not, because he can afford to charter a boat and cruise out of Port Antonio past Navy Island every morning and drink rum and order his charter captain around, and that is as close to anyone will ever come to being Hemingway now. And he has come to Port Antonio not necessarily because Hemingway would have come to Port Antonio, but because he has a fantasy, and Port Antonio is a place for fantasies.

Port Antonio is a small town on the northeast coast of Jamaica, sheltered from the diversities of Montego Bay and Kingston by the Blue Mountain range. It is some physical and psychological distance from the quick tourist island drive hours by car across a narrow skiffing road, or some expensive minutes by helicopter from the main airport. It takes either money or courage to get to Port Antonio, and so the town takes on

## JAMAICAN FANTASY

BY WILLIAM CAMERON

*Contrast in pleasures on a tropical island*

the flavor of both: money and courage (and wealth, rich eccentricity).

There is a jungle on the land. The northeast coast of Jamaica has a strange, denser, more tropical look than the rest of the island. It is an explosion of packed, green life, the roads wind through jungle. Passes by trees grow around cars, and the Crow Williams drift in the canopy of the sky. Two hundred years ago, rebellious Maroon slaves took refuge in the Blue Mountain jungle near Port Antonio, and fought a successful guerrilla war against the British until slavery was abolished. The place is almost sacred, even now, the mountain and the harbor still seem to reek of rain and blood.

The history is the landscape, and the rich, who like unity, like Port Antonio. Goldfinger, the richest of the late Mr. Fleming, is not far from town. Errol Flynn fought an entire island just outside the harbor. They find their money like flaps, but now it is necessary for the rich to be a little more discreet: the operators of the island's economy are on the beaches near Port Antonio are hidden from the world, and from each other, by carefully arranged jungle.

The best, and the most expensive, of these resorts is Frenchman's Cove, which was developed by a Canadian millionaire who knew the rules of money. In high season, it will cost you a cool \$550 per week to stay at Frenchman's Cove, and for that the chef will prepare just food you like: the barkeepers serve drinks you like. You will be careful for it though you were breakable, and you will feel breakable.

Here Trudonis has stayed at Frenchman's Cove, and Muriel Rindoo, and Patricia Anne. The names roll slowly off the manager's tongue. The manager is the color of spring after. The air is filled with the sound of golf carts, driven by chauffeurs. Frenchman's Cove has caused poverty to be an art form.

It is no longer possible to maintain such exclusivity for the wealthy. In the off season, ordinary people may stay at Frenchman's Cove for \$25 a day, flat rate, room and board, drinks extra. But the ambience remains the same. An insurance manager from Philadelphia, a Coast guard from California, moving onto the beach in late October, suddenly take on a new grace. Their movements become liturgical, as though their bodies were wrapped in ornate novels.

That is what travel is for: discovery, not only of scenery, but of self. To be on the beach at Frenchman's Cove is to discover a secret rich man in your hand.

Frenchman's Cove is not in Jamaica, any more than Versailles is in provincial France, the secreted gods of the wealthy are international. The real look of money is in Port Antonio. In Port Antonio, a small and scrappy town dropped

onto a beach at the foot of a small mountain. Beyond that mountain is the swimming pool of Port Antonio. Port Antonio is a small town in Port Antonio, but international pools aren't, young men get fed up and go to Kingston looking for work, but the national unemployment rate is 25%, and the alarm of Kingston are scarce. Others move to Port Antonio, trying for jobs on the most developments. Port Antonio is the interface between the foreign rich and the Jamaican poor.

Two hours' drive to the west from Port Antonio along the coast, the highway built over the old British road is a small track leading to Robin's Bay as you drive away from the highway, further into the rocky pastures that line the sea, the track demonstrates how the pre-tenure of the island, and business finally flat dirt between lines of grass. At the end of this road is Strawberry Fields on a beautiful hillside.

No writers, no air conditioning. Strawberry Fields is a small place with a beach and a clubhouse that doesn't work, and the manager will rent you a tent and camping gear for about \$50 a week, or a one-room cottage for a little more than that. It's designed for people without much money, kids on a Caribbean hunt, or a husband who doesn't want to pay for the palace in Port Antonio.

It is possible to be in Port Antonio, Mike, a long-haired New Yorker, sort of fell into managing the place when a man began to build. "I can't see why people spend all that money for Frenchman's Cove. I mean, I know why, but I can't see them really enjoying it. I'd spend maybe an hour there, and then - hey, I just spent \$100! And, you know, they aren't anywhere, those places. They're not anything to do with Jamaica. That's a Jamaican American owner here for a week or just drive over to see the beaches, or walk up from the village. You must people get to learn about people here."

And the beach is beautiful. Those kids throw a beach ball around. The local dogs dig by to check out the same and have a meal. Mike's son splashes in the shallow, supervised by everybody and nobody. At nightfall, the bar opens, a wooden board across the door to a storage room, and the people staying at Strawberry Fields gather for a drink before dinner, waiting at the end on their wet bathing suits.

"How long are you staying?"

"Just a few more weeks."

"Are, that's so good. You just get here? Stay for a couple of days."

"No, I've got to get back to Toronto."

"Toronto? Leave, stay for a couple of weeks. It's so great things for you, really. Walk out to the end of the point and look at the ocean. It's terrible."

It is the same ocean, of course, as the

one at Port Antonio, but it does different things to you. It seems less managed. On the beach of Port Antonio, the sun umbrellas, small spiky structures whose spines stick into feet. At Frenchman's Cove, the sun would not be allowed to have umbrellas.

And at Frenchman's Cove, you can only see the sea like in high season, and the chef will provide, even if they have to fly food in from abroad: *coconut? What kind? By someone, what's fat?* At Strawberry Fields, you eat what the cook has brought, earned good with rice. Two dollars, new money. If you don't like that, cook something yourself.

The night drops sharply, almost suddenly, pick up the stone lantern at the bedside, and get back to the cabin before the rain hits, heavy and solid, and the sky like wet butter. It is half like being very young again, at camp, and the kid in the boat making ghost stories. You never quite get all the beach off your feet, and that's like camp too. The manager here of good against the sheets in the middle of the night.

And in the morning: "You leaving?"

"Got to. Plane leaves at 4:30."

"Are, well, take care. Come back."

"Sure."

And a look back at the twisting, wrenching highway to Kingston, seeing the car caught in the jungle. The rich man of Port Antonio has disappeared. The country has become clearer, sweeter, just enough like home to be a pleasure.

**How to go, where to stay**

There's always some disagreement about when exactly high season starts and ends. According to the airlines, its December 15 through April 30. Air Canada rates for a high season 21-day excursion, for \$228 (Montreal to Kingston (low season \$224), \$230 Toronto to Kingston (low season \$205), and \$271 Vancouver to Kingston (low season \$254)) all return. Jetstar Air Service will get you back and forth from Kingston to Port Antonio for about \$7.00 each way. For Strawberry Fields, rent a car at Kingston Airport (about the same rates as in Canada) and try the three-hour drive through the mountains.

Strawberry Fields will rent you a tent and camping gear for \$25. Jamaica is a week in Jamaica dollar is worth about \$1.20 (Canadian), seven dollars worth for each additional person. The weekly rates for cabins are \$65, \$10 extra for each additional person. Frenchman's Cove is \$680 (Canadian) per week in high season, in hotel and a lot cheaper in the off season, for no service reservations required. Two-week stay minimum. Somewhat more reasonable is Gables Hill, a pleasant and carefully groomed resort just down the road approximately \$230 (Canadian) a week, per person in winter and \$110 weekly per person in the summer, double occupancy for a private villa.

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service is more adept and food more carefully prepared than anywhere else in Canada (except, of course, Quebec City, a town that has been outgrowing its reputation and possibly even Montreal for the last 50 years). It is a tribute to the gastronomic refinement of the people who live there that so many good restaurants succeeded in such a relatively small locale.

According to the pretty, the rich and the knowledgeable, Chef Barakat and the St. Antoine are the Montreal expatriate-restaurant where one normally goes very well. I had already eaten at Chef Barakat many times but even though I often ate at his restaurant and some of the best cooking in Montreal is a flawed jewel in my opinion. The markup on the wine is too high and the menu is in French, so, I decided on the St. Antoine instead.

I ate dinner here in the evening and feelingly sustained in aqua with a founte companion and again suffered the usual treatment: a table beside the stage and near the entrance and a supercilious attitude on the part of the head waiter as we attempted to go over the menu. This one time, however, the subject was obviously not one to be discussed in front of women. We finally chose a wine that was tried and true: some information on the year of the fine bottle once was gone to be passed on to us by Monsieur Serge.

Any gourmet knows that one should order roasts at an Italian restaurant and stuffed vine leaves at the Greek's, so why did I order stuffed Danish cucumber in a first course at a French restaurant? I would have eaten crab in a crêpe or escargot in brandy and egg yolks, but I panicked, worrying about gutt bladder and gout, and blew one of my first moments on an hors d'oeuvre that would have been agreeable in a hotel kitchen of a Montreal temple of gastronomy. (Seventeen years ago I lost control the same way in Paris at La Perouse, a three-star restaurant at the 1935 Grand Metropole. First from the sulphate cuisine of the University of Manitoba's cafeteria. I ordered chicken, very because it was the only dish I could decipher on the French menu.)

Informed sources had been telling me that the best wine course in Montreal is *Tournefort's Opus* at the St. Antoine. Accordingly, I succumbed from the camaraderie with "Felix" (supper in a party shell filled with mushrooms, foie gras and truffles in a potato sauce. "There was no disappointment, the steak was rare, yet the sauce was hot and each cut full of all the appetitive richness promised in the black. And the table wine was not merely a stage prop but only too edible. The memory of its buttery opulence enveloping and melting with the succulent sauce enables me to forgive and almost

forget the address of the headwaiter and the hostility of the first course. My companion's quail was golden at the oven and then permeated with fresh grapes and vegetables which weren't a mistake. We also ordered braised endive with a touch of cheese sauce. \$125 a la carte, which was.

Perhaps the most exciting part of our meal was the elegant but frosty Champagne, Brisa, chablis and, Remy, each of them at room temperature and a perfect stage of ripeness. When asked the reason for this miracle, the waiter answered: "Parce que c'est pour le personnel, les clients ne le comprennent pas." ("It's for the staff, the guests never ask for it.") The strawberry tart was light and well sprinkled with Cointreau. But they shouldn't have served salted butter in portion control packages, especially with table bread. I paid \$50 for two people, which included the tip and a \$12 Cointreau La Gode. Everyone around was clapping down the same kind of money with as signs of shuddering.

After that, I went on to the Marmites with a little bit of the lobster here. I now expect next time champagne wines and

THE SAUCE WAS SO UNPACIFIC  
I THOUGHT I'D BETTER  
THE COLD CASE OF THE WATER'S EYE

emerge as sauté when I go out, but I do like a bit of fresh fish. This is hard to come by in the more famous Halifax restaurant, The Henry House where I chose to eat had an halibut, haddock and, flounder or both trout on the menu, although all of them are respectable Atlantic fish which, given careful but simple cooking, would not shame the table of Maitre in Paris. The only fresh fish offered was salmon and lobster.

I ate alone and the service was almost flawless. The waiter asked me if I wished to face the bar as the fire, opening that the view of the beach was more pleasing. Henry House was built in 1820 and its fine architecture is enhanced by real copper, real aquamarine and pearls, and a real fire. I ordered the lobster à la Bretonne, clam chowder and lobster Thermidor. Compared to Toronto's Westbury the chowder and lobster glass was not as good as that of another Halifax establishment, Coastal Fish and Chips, near the warehouse on Barrington. I knew I should have ordered plain boiled lobster instead of Thermidor but I am a victim of the impossible dream: the dream of taking the amazing sauce of a lobster à la Bretonne to eat it as far away from the hotly-baked of Paris, New York and Quebec City. The lobster was tender and sweet, but the sauce, though made of meat of the correct elements, was heated more in some

spots than in others and was clumsily re-garmented, it might be described as pastiche of Thermidor. While I was wondering and musing, the people at the next table ordered oysters. This brought to their table the manager, who apologized and explained that the oysters were very fresh but lacked taste so he performed not to serve them. They had come from Illus d'Or, NS where the water was too salty. Too much river water had made this particular lot bland. How many Canadian restaurants would have taken so much trouble to make sure his guests were getting top quality?

The strong points of the Henry House were the willingness of the personnel (some of the girls had a clef but they always fetched someone who had), the ambience, the smoked salmon, which was carved from a whole side and the butter which came in a butter dish, not like paper squares that make the fingers greasy.

The following week in Winnipeg, I went to eat in the Velvet Oyster with my family who may be Prime adults in golfing but are night-wearers in socializing. For the last 40 years, my father has ordered roast beef, medium, when he is unfortunate enough to find himself in a public dining place. ("You don't know what goes on in these restaurants, Sweden.") My sister-in-law has brought up in an English boarding school on mixed meat and snob and has never gotten over the incident. My mother always orders the cheapest thing on the menu and would do so even if Omeurs were paying. Only my brother is bold enough to order something different. And that is why he ended up with the worst single dish served on my cross country tour something called Dudding Gaby which featured a pile and soggy beef dumplings with a sauce that convinced him the establishment had rediscovered the ancient Egyptian concoction of seven countries used for embalming corpses. If he had ordered something simple like steak, risk of stomach ache, or even roast beef, he would have eaten quite well. The moral of the story is eat meat in the west, without fancy sauce. Follow that advice and everything will fall into place. Of course the vegetables were terrible, golden carrot and frozen fiddledumpty dumplings served into identical jelly containers when pressed with a fork. For dessert we had Raspberry frozen torte (why not call it Marmalade than cake?), it tasted frozen but not American. During the meal a vicious played napping game as a game, we decided it was not step up from Marmalade. The waiter didn't know anything about the food or wine they served but they got it in and out in no time flat. We entered the restaurant at 6 p.m., not exactly your fashionable dining hour, the room was empty (this

continued on page 78



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huddled by 6:30 and we went out by 7:15. One good thing though — expensive dining is less expensive in Winnipeg. For example, Châteaufort (for me at the Weston) in Toronto is \$18.90 à la carte, at the Wilton Telt in Vancouver it's \$18, but at the Velvet Glove only \$14.95.

Calgary turned out to have several good high-priced restaurants, which is only to be expected, given all the real-estate money flowing there. My favorites were Ily's Steak House and the Owl's Nest at the Calgary Inn. Although Ily's is a restaurant, the Three Green Herbs, had been recommended to me by a local guide, was Patric's (I found it interesting for the first time a popularity Alberta phenomenon. Crowds of men bonded together at 12:30 in the dining room and at 1:45 reluctantly exited the room at 1:50, with their coats in their hands, pulled only to Alberta men. Only I was left saying with my coffee, after a meal that had included Goro Pan, a species of clam chowder which would have been first if it had been second, egg and potato. I thought was something extraordinary until it cost \$1.25 but was just a bigger version of what you get in any Chinese takeout. The fillet of sole turned was made with frozen sole that had been overcooked and the chef pulled tongs refused.

At Hy's the adage, suck to meat to the west, was once again reinforced. It's possible to dine happily in that restaurant on steak with cheese and garlic bread, as long as you overlook the "indiscrete" decorations on the walls, the quality of the waiters and the whole country the grub bag style from there. At the Owl's Nest, I ate smoked salmon, Johnas Steussel and a rack of lamb, all of them first quality and not too expensive.

A few days later in Vancouver, I encountered the same problem as in the Maritimes — not coming from the Louisa side, caught off the coast of Vancouver, as one of my favorite foods but, except at Trader Vic's at the Bayshore Inn, no fish served in post places. From a Dover sole it. And they say British Columbia is a proud people.

There are lots of good medium-priced restaurants in Vancouver, the best being Chateau, but my guest was for eight days. Vancouver people I rolled divided fast-to-one on the Wilton Telt. For the third time my companion was a female (this one giggled) but the service was impeccable even though it was late on a Saturday night and every table taken Outside of Toronto and Montreal I discovered that cheese drenched rather than heavily sauced upon ladies. Do male chivalrous pig women must only in these two eastern cities?

The creature with avocado at the Wilton Telt was real, fresh, Pacific

small dining but the ensemble was another exciting not simple enough for \$2.25. The past season was light and pleasant and the Canadian usual had enough acid in it. One of the specialties of this Swiss restaurant is veal aspic in a more aspic than cream sauce. Having lived for many years in Geneva, I have been spoiled by eating fish with fresh in real restaurants. It is responsible to find anything other than dried mussels on the continental market in Canada, so I never order the dish. But my friend did, and the restaurant prepared it as well as anyone could under the circumstances. The excellent Café de Paris was excellent, but fresh seafood not possible, accompanied it. And the desert, dark soufflé with orange liqueur, was a masterpiece. On the whole we were satisfied, but why should smoked BC salmon cost \$2.45 in Vancouver and \$1.75 in Winnipeg?

These were the high and low points of my gastronomic tour but I also ate on the expensive dining rooms of the high-class in every city I visited — places I call "corporate restaurants" where Ottawa, Indianapolis and Toronto food are the three great, there are no more.

MAIL CHEVROLET TWO WATERS  
APPARENTLY LOSE ONLY  
IN TORONTO AND MONTREAL

people on the staff. If you are sometimes served by an entry as its different from those waiters in better hotels, none of whom know what stage of the meal you're at, local produce is never featured, and the menus appear to have been made up by a computer somewhere in the American Middle West.

After I came home again to Ottawa and reflected on my experience, I decided that what we need in this country are not just polished eating establishments but reasonably priced restaurants specializing in the fresh produce of the land, prepared and served with skill and simplicity. A restaurant is worthwhile when the owner has a personal interest in the food served and uses his imagination in dealing his menu. The difficult standards of French cuisine, on which the best restaurants had their cooking standards 30 years ago, are practically impossible to maintain anywhere in this age of high-cost labor. Even in France, where cooking and restaurants are an integral part of the civilization, the trend is away from the elaborate in most of the newer restaurants. It is no longer necessary to bring us sums of entrées, wazou ching, chafing dishes and flaming food up to the diners' eyeballs. If the kitchen is properly organized and the menu and restaurant relatively small (20 tables is a good size), a few experienced well-paid

waiters can handle all the work.

In Canada, the restaurants close to the ideal are those that take advantage of their geography or deliver surroundings, offering dishes drawn from nearby waters or specializing in dishes popular in their regions. My favorite are the Chinese restaurants in Vancouver that serve local crab and rock cod, a place on Main Street in Winnipeg that makes delicious Ukrainian perogies and fried local whitefish or pickled, and those ever-changing Italian restaurants in Toronto that serve lasagne made from their own pasta in Quebec City or Montreal it is still possible to find the odd "little French restaurant," such as the Golden in Montreal, which serves simple cooking at a low price.

All these restaurants reflect the human and physical resources of their locality. They are usually run by families who believe in the 19th-century work ethic and hence avoid the impersonality of the restaurant run by a big bureaucracy. A good many of them are owned by fairly recent immigrants to Canada and feature what we call "ethnic cooking" but there are at least two successful restaurants that do represent the cuisines of our two founding nations.

One is the Maritimes Inn at Sackville, New Brunswick, which specializes in what I would call Anglo-Celt cooking, and the other is L'Aire on the Ile d'Orleans just a bridge away from Quebec City, which specializes in rural French-Canadian cooking. Neither is expensive but both take pride in their history, heritage and local produce.

The Maritimes Inn is the old family house of the Bradis and the recipes and Spode dinner service have been handed down from generation to generation. This is where you go if you want home-made roasts, fresh soups, the best mashed potatoes anywhere and roast goose the way they used to make it in the Maritimes before World War I.

L'Aire has a more homely menu, soup, omelette and sugar pie with a few variations. But the soup is made from fresh vegetables, the omelette is the best I've ever eaten and the sugar pie indescribable. They throw half a jug of fresh farmer's orange over it, the thickest this side of the Atlantic. The owner, Jean-Antoine Denon covered a 17th-century farmhouse into a restaurant with a real hearth and real of lamps. It's only open in summer but to compensate, there's a candle ride to the door.

Both places are preparing examples of what can be done in our country using our heritage and surroundings in relatively low cost to the diner. Both of them offer a gastronomic experience that — in my cross-country tour proved — you literally cannot buy for \$30 a couple in any of the big cities in the land. ■

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her hair is short and curly, and she watches Murray closely through huge round glasses.

He makes Patti laugh, he makes me laugh, pouring on words and images, shuffling them into clumps in his mind, and presenting us with them. He uses reality as a sounding board for his wit, anything I say or Patti says is fair game for a burst of meaning. He'll use every detail in a story.

"We drove down to Chicago in a '62 Plymouth Cordiac" (Dumey, a black friend, was driving and Murray and Patti and bass-player Dennis Ponder

were in the backseat) "The border guard was a Georgia cracker who'd seen too many Dodge commercials. When he saw Dumey and asked Patti whose she was born — I was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and I'm a loaded immigrant in Canada, and I'm just in the middle of applying for my Canadian citizenship, and ... he dropped a card on the windshield and said, 'Glove 'em da woker'."

He didn't react to it as a disaster. He took it instead as just another in a series of life's absurdities. Murray's humor can be pretty black.

*Jesus, please don't save me till I die. I'll be too old to do anything that's bad by and by.*

*I've put no mark on earth I while I still can fly.*

*Jesus, please don't save me till I die.* \*

Murray was born in Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, home of Robertson's pears, in 1945. He came to Canada with his family when he was five, first to Montreal, then to Toronto. When he was 12 or 13, he got a guitar and started to play. He listened to Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie on a nightly radio show. He got thrown out of grade 10 for writing a book report on *The Catcher in the Rye*. That's the sort of thing that could start a kid thinking.

Murray wanted to be some kind of artist. He went to art school at Central Tech, a school in downtown Toronto, but art didn't offer the opportunity for the ultimate risk. Something was aching. He was drawn down to Yorkville where there were other like him.

Yorkville Avenue, a string of old houses and stores on a downtown Toronto street, was a convergence of young musicians. There were musicians everywhere in the early Sixties, and so there were convergences of musician everywhere.

In Montreal, it was Stanley Street. In Vancouver, it was Fourth Avenue. In Ottawa, Le Hibou on Sussex Drive, where Bruce Cockburn played, in Winnipeg, the Java Shoppe and The Fourth Dimension, in New York (folk musician headquarters), Greenwich Village — the Café Wha? The Night Owl, where the Lovin' Spoonful played, the Twilight, ban like the Kettle of Fish, the Dugout, and the hushy houses, called that because bad poets who dragged their guitars in off the road could play a guitar set and you around a booklet for money.

At that time, in the early Sixties, there were about eight folk clubs in Yorkville, doing good business. Murray learned to fingerpick from Jim McCarthey, a Yorkville original. At home, he was a dream, listening, "I've don't care what I want, you don't care what I want" — that kind of kid. Finally, in the gaze of an educational exposure, with his friend Nick Spanosch, two padlocks, a guitar, and 15 cents in his pocket, he hit the road.

The road was the entrance to folk culture. Jack Kerouac's novel *On The Road* and the songs of migrant workers like Big Bill Broonzy had set thousands of artists' imaginations thinking this way across continents, signing the landmarks, the people, the girl and rise of the mind itself. To have been on the road was to have paid your way into kid past culture; you'd eat your oats, taken your chances, proved you were authentic.

Murray put on the dream like a

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guitar. He and Nick did everything in the turboch, working on stovetops and logging camp, picking fruit, mixing drinks, living the Woody Guthrie-Keweenaw-Dylan experience. "It was much more at the time than it actually was," says Murray. "Because I was living it a dozen all the time I was doing it later. 'Wow, am I really riding a freight train?' 'Wow, am I really working in a saw mill?'" Nick built Murray a wooden guitar one. Murray shaved Nick's head bald. In brief, he and Nick used to climb mountains, only to find that half-way up there was a tight spiral you can't climb unless you're agitated. (THEY have their rules, even in nature.) He wrote his first song, Murray's Mission.

Finally, Murray had dropped enough weight that home looked good again. (There is that tension between freedom and security.) But when he got there, he had a cement fight with his father, he left for good, and rolled into the Village. Nick took to tending bars.

He was young, there was easy ahead of him. The hot posts were changing. By 1968, LSD had arrived, heralded by Dylan's Mr. Tambourine Man, and Dylan had freed rock and roll. Among in the west was the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, Big Brother & the Holding Company, out of San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, which everybody knew about from the Fillmore's psychedelic posters. Ian and Sylvia and Gordon Lightfoot were inhaled, heralded by Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, and behind him and Sylvia played a guitarist from Akron, Ohio, called David Raw, who was growing impatient. There were the Pappas, with drummer Skip Ponce, the beguiling songs of Lightfoot's, managed by Bernie Finkelshtein, who took them to New York and signed them over to Grossman, who later dropped them.

In 1967, Murray married Patie Seckel, an intelligent, sophisticated girl who came down to the Village Camel Club to watch him play. In 1968, they lived in one of a series of key apartments behind a booking agency. Murray wasn't making any money, but neither did he take other jobs, a musician had to do what he pleased. He had to succeed, had to be totally committed. Murray sat in his cold apartment, burning off his records and writing songs.

New musicians were suffering all the

time. While Murray hung around Toronto, Joan Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, David Clayton-Thomas and Neil Young went to the States to become reporters. In the late Sixties, the music business didn't recognize the existence of a border. If you were any good, you automatically went to the States. There was an urgency about getting what you had to give out into the world, timing was important, after was the time, the climate might never be as receptive again. If it wasn't happening to you then, it might never happen at all.

The Toronto musicians who didn't go to the States probably hadn't been asked, or weren't ready. But the Canadian reception for Canadians was discouraging. Murray played just sets at the Rythmote, Yorkville's sole surviving folk club, but there was a recession coming on, the music movement was working itself out, and nobody out there had ever heard of him yet.

Downer times. The streets were full of despair. The musicians were growing older. The coffeehouse quarters were filled with 15-year-old runaway quest frisks. The U.S. was a bad scene, but it was still the only one, the main one, the headquarters.

There was one bright spot in this time for Murray: Tom Rush. An important American singer, had recorded *Child's Song* and *Old Man's Song*. Murray and Patti moved toward him: first into a command house on Hendon Avenue, just up from Yorkville, then into a house on downtown Queen Street with Bruce and Kitty Cockburn. Cockburn, a guitar singer from Ottawa, was at about the same point in his career. Murray was very young, very naive, had just cooked," he says. Bruce Finkelshtein got together with Cockburn and suggested Murray go away and take a holiday. So Murray bought two bus tickets to Connecticut, to visit a friend with Tom Rush's guitar player, Trevor Veitch. He and Patti got to Connecticut, but the band didn't work out.

Finally, Tom Rush drove Murray and Patti into New York and dropped them off at front of Albert Grossman's office. They had still between them. Patti was sick, and Murray wasn't feeling too good himself. Murray went up alone to see the one man who could bring him down to life. Through a veil of smoke he talked to Grossman, the grey-haired bespectacled godfather of the music

business, and discovered in the course of conversation that Grossman was by far the most interested in his budding eggplant form than in building young musicians who saw themselves as successors to Dylan. Nevertheless, when Murray came away that afternoon, he had a list of advice of a few thousand dollars in check form, which didn't change the fact that they still had only \$11 cash.

They stayed at the Albert Hotel in Greenwich Village, a hair shirt head with crotchets and muscled folk-folk, for four months. He played some concerts, and hit it off with audiences. But then "I'd had pneumonia, and it was spring come" on, and I remembered how the new around Spanish and College was opening up, and I decided New York wasn't a very healthy place to live, so we bought two bus tickets and came back to Toronto."

Back to Toronto? And not only that, but back voluntarily. Making it wasn't everything, of course, you had to be able to make it, anyway, and staying alive, after all something to consider. Other than roots and friends, there weren't much to come home to in 1970 except the beginnings of a feeling that you'd better stay in Canada, though we're so bad in the States. Toronto was full of draft dodgers taking scandalous tales of flight, nobody had any money, and the place where draft dodgers would out there could be a hell of a place and hearing in Maine was Grossman's Tavern on Spanish, the start of a whole new scene.

The U.S. was dark and savage, eating itself alive with its war, but in Canada something new was happening. Many people who might formerly have chosen to live near Yorkville, near the Rythmote and College, where the outdoor Kensington Market is located, Murray and Patti found a spot in Avignon Street in the heart of the Merlot, and Murray established contact with Bruce Finkelshtein.

Grossman's Toronto, was just around the corner, looking with blues, actors, dropouts, blacks, students and American souls. Murray didn't like with Mosses, a brother under the skin, a vagabond, he and a much older individual who bridged artists, working-class voters and middle-class hippies. Mosses had somehow managed to come to grips with most of the contradictions in his own life, putting himself firmly on the side of rebellion. He didn't work because he

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## A great way to start a day

McLAUGHLIN (continued)

preferred a clear conscience to money. He got into fights, read books and watched *Night 100* in Canada, in Triumph T-shirts, denying Leach's work book. He mentioned expositions like "young party," "rock on," and "launched" (from "out to lunch") from which came "go out and lunch your mind" and "lunchpal."

The Canadian and American scenes were coming further apart. Jim Leyland died and then Jim Hendrix died, and the Beatles were breaking up: all the musicians who were going to surface, it seemed, had died so, and the best ones had exhibited themselves in the places they had named. There was no grating in Canada's growing maturity about rock, and the fact that Richard Nixon was drinking Canada dry Canadians and drink dodgers congratulated each other on how lucky they were to be "up here" because it was healthier. "Aw, there." Suddenly it began to be quiet, almost boring: to be Canadian. We were an underdog, and that suited the times.

Murray and Pats would drop around to Moon's house, the house on Hamilton Avenue. Murray in his black leather jacket carrying the wooden guitar case. Nick had been here, the smooth hair holder behind over the neck. Pats would fall asleep under her fur coat halfway through the evening while Murray played through the night in the kitchen. Moon would be laid back, having disposed about 17 bottles of Red Hot Privet Sakschanski, which he called 14444 after the number on the Ontario Liquor Control Board last Steve Mesner had given up on Carol Mendez, the 33-year-old virgin, because Portugal was a dictatorship 14444: a good Communist word, had become his favorite.

In May 1971, Murray split for Amsterdam, and another part of Toronto gave up the ghost. Murray was in town working on his first album with Bernie Finkelstein, who had founded True North Records with a damn-banned hookup with Columbia Records. Bruce Cockburn's album was already out. Murray's had been a long time coming, but he didn't seem to be in any rush; he might once have cared with all his heart and soul about being heard as fast as possible, but now the process could take its own sweet time.

At last, in the fall of 1971, Murray's first album, *Song From The Street*, came out. The album was a quiet success. Murray and Pats moved again, into a house, and then again, into their last. Murray got to piano and learned to play it. People said he was getting really good. By this time, hard rock had given way to a quiet, gentle type of music—in the States, James Taylor, Kris Kristofferson, Carole King. Murray's tough street music didn't fit their taste either,

but he didn't care much about fitting anyway. In Canada the Canadian Radio-Television Commission legislation (requiring that 30% of all music played on radio have some Canadian content) which had been introduced in January 1971 was beginning to have an effect; it was becoming possible to make a living as a professional musician in Canada. The collaboration among Bruce Cockburn, Murray, Harry Fiedler and Bernie Finkelstein was coming together; it looked like True North Records would at last survive. Bruce Cockburn became identified in the minds of young Canadians with the country scene. Murray with the bag had dirty art.

The offices of True North are located in Bernie Fiedler's apartment on one of the top floors of a downtown high-rise in contrast to Murray's loft, it's interestingly business. The mood is business.

The apartment is Playboy upstairs—dark walls, shag rug, deep blue Spanish furniture, dark red velvet couch, a bar in one corner with stools around it. It is a very fancy sort of room, all serious. Early Total Environment. A sitcom and record stores take up half of one wall. In daylight, things look a little worse, but somehow that old night-life, slick show life type life is upstaged by lighter, newer touches, a man more than body, a sweater of fresh fruit, a Canada flag posted on the lampshade, a bright colored mobile dancing in the air.

Bernie Finkelstein is where all good managers should be—in the phone. He puts down the receiver. How can one convince Finkelstein of a thing? Partly like a rock promoter, Clark is a little gray,

partly like a smiling John van God. Neutral, friendly, comfortable old Bernie, gentle and easygoing in a yellow shirt, a sleeveless girl pulled over his shirt. His words John-Ane, a plumbeous blond English girl with green eyelids, one another room to get Murray's file. She comes back with a folder of clippings.

Steps of newspaper from Chicago, New York, all over the States and Canada. Boston, Boulder, Cole, Seattle, Washington, Montreal, Quebec.

The red phone rings, business calls, and Bernie answers. Somebody with the right kind of name for Bernie to swing into his promoter routine. "Lenny, Murray, I got a tape for you." The door buzzer buzzes, and in bounds Murray, Mr. Eastmanwest, in his favorite straw hat, with the brown flattened down, a white sports jacket over the blue flowered shirt, pink shirt night, doing a little walk-out. Suddenly John-Ane is smiling, Bernie perks up, and so do I. Change from funny that wasn't funny a moment ago. Murray hops over to the fridge and takes out a beer. Bernie puts the phone down. Murray, a little embarrassed by the name, says the business side of his house, sits down on a hassock with his beer, studying the cover of Zerk's magazine, upon which he appears looking very pop-starish. "Blah-blah-blah," he continues. "True didn't work." The picture shows him with his mouth closed.

Another day. The Murray is a particularly Murray McLaughlin kind of town in Yonge Street. On Friday nights, the door of the Murray is open. Except for fingers moving, the musical of people is silent.

Thus the tavern is empty, except for two men and a bartender listening to the hockey game on a red transistor. Murray comes in on a beige double coat, hopping like a cricket. He sits down, at the table where I'm sitting with a beer, my paper lying on the table. He sweeps my paper and pen and draws Donald Duck saying, "Let's see, you're from Montreal, you got musical associated by a musical hippie." I take my paper back, determined, a bit afraid he's going to make fun of me. I start making him all the obvious questions, like how does he get his role now? But he doesn't make fun at all.

"I don't really think about it that much. It's up to people who analyze it. My philosophy is somewhat passive in that respect. Otherwise I'd be in London waiting face making. I'm not particularly interested in anybody else's trip, unless somebody is on the chase, all that."

"A lot of people have a tendency to put you into a bag. People assumed after the publicity for my first album that I was some kind of dirty-musical man."

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sources to produce energy — petroleum, wind, solar, coal and uranium — and the question of how we should develop them has different answers.

One strong view is that of the conservationists who are concerned that petroleum will run the Arctic environment. Last winter I visited the experimental station operated for two years by petroleum companies in Inuvik and I believe they have demonstrated that they are building pipelines that will do little damage. Dr. Robert F. Leggett, formerly of the National Research Council, has said that the technology is available to build roads that will leave the environment, but safe roads and pipelines may be expensive, and time is needed to plan them.

A much greater hazard, and one which can hardly be avoided if crude oil is to be imported, is the possible loss of tankers and, particularly, super-tankers. The results have already been demonstrated by the wreck of the *Amoco*, off Nova Scotia. So, too, the extraction of coal, tar sands and oil shale in large amounts will produce great devastation, huge areas of waste rock or sand, unless strong and expensive controls are maintained to demand restoration.

A middle ground will have to be found between the views of extreme conservationists and those of average North Americans who do not share a desire to go back to primitive living and who are denied abundant energy.

Another view is that of the petroleum companies that have invested large sums of money in the Arctic and want a return upon it. Most of them are multinational and consider that if eastern Canada has depended upon imports of Venezuelan crude oil and U.S. coal, it is reasonable to expect that the U.S. would turn to Canada for natural gas. They also consider that Canada cannot afford to bring Arctic gas to market unless a portion is sold to the U.S.

This country is fortunate in having great mineral resources which have always exported. We will undoubtedly

continue to do so, but Canadians are coming to realize that minerals are not renewable and that prices are rising rapidly. Our situation is that we depend upon exports for money and politically it would be impossible to halt exports, but like the citizens of the Middle East we are demanding higher prices and greater control.

The views of the petroleum industry were well summed up by a leading spokesman at a recent conference I attended in Calgary. He said: "We have a short-term problem of shortages in North America. I wish these shortages and shortages would stop causing delays so we can get on with the job of building pipelines and supplying the market. There is no need to worry about long-term problems. Now discoveries and advances in technology have always taken care of the future."

Unfortunately, he was a public relations man and I am a scientist and less optimistic. Why would anyone contemplate spending billions of dollars to bring gas from the Arctic if one could find it in Edmonton? Are we doing enough to prepare the alternative technologies? How does anyone know that they will be ready in time?

The ideas of conservation and petroleum are generally similar in that they are superficially based upon short-term views and upon false faith, given a free market changing prices will solve all problems. One would like to believe them, but the example of the disaster of the whaling industry shows that the gross miscalculation of a few can destroy a renewable resource that should have been conserved for ever.

The petroleum industry, since it depends upon a finite resource, will be faced as we know today as less than a century and much greater thought and effort should be devoted to its replacement.

This situation will be an economic revolution and the difficulty of revolution is that they change the ground rules and traditional old viewpoints that had previously seemed logical. Arguments based upon the notion that the

earth was the source of a little resource seemed especially for one because quite inappropriate after Copernicus.

My chief concern is that today many scientists are still believing in ever greater growth and exploitation which amounts to a belief that resources are limitless, that replacements will always be found, that new technologies will be developed in time. Others who have seen that we live in a finite world with limited supplies consider that arguments based upon such premises may be quite wrong and misleading. One can still believe in competition and some freedom for enterprise, but unfortunately the situation also demands controls.

Still another input is needed and that is from scientists and engineers, who have been trained to think quantitatively and who will have the responsibility of developing the alternatives. Experts disagree on just how long it will take for the earth facing our industrial civilization to become desperately scarce, but it really doesn't make much difference. The petroleum says 10 years, but doubts or even quadruple that estimate and the crisis is still less than a life-time away.

The demands for gas and oil are so insatiable and rising so rapidly that it is clear that Arctic petroleum reserves offer no long-term solution to the problem of energy supplies. They would only meet United States needs for a few years at best, but Canada needs this energy for her own survival and these resources should be harnessed carefully.

There is one thing Canadians should always remember as a main point of the world including much of the southern United States people will be unconcerned if heating fuel is cut off, but in Canada such people would die. We need energy fuel just to stay alive in our rugged climate and fuel for our future is essential. We cannot return to the use of wood and coal, and nuclear power has not yet been developed to be a satisfactory alternative to fossil fuels.

North America is today facing the problem not by all nations people, that we are reaching the limit of our resources. Many nations and tribes in the past were unable to cope with the necessity to change and perish, but the more successful of past civilizations developed equilibrium conditions and survived and even flourished for centuries or even millennia.

Canadians can hope to do the same, but only if we recognize our problems in time, reduce our demands, conserve our resources, revise our philosophies and put far greater efforts into finding substitutes until alternatives, perhaps dependent upon energy from fusion, can be found. Nothing could be worse than to bury our heads in underdeveloped resources.

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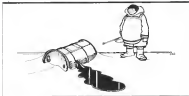
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**CBC  
RADIO**

If you really want to make an impression on the newsmen the next time you fly, pull a gun on 'em. Your hardest job will be convincing her you were joking, but the chance will be outweighed by the gun just weapons division in the airport. I know because I did it.

I beat the security system, handed down to find I gave them a running start by selling them in advance that I was armed and they still couldn't find anything.

In mid-October of last year, the CBC's *After-And-Now*, a public affairs show seen by Newfoundlanders and which I work for as a first-line reporter, decided to do a film story on the weapons detection system at Gander International Airport. With the airline's full permission we planned a simple little feature story.

So lights, camera, action and I ended blithely just carrying a gun and three knives, and in two complete checks they couldn't find a darned one. What started out to be a simple film demonstration of a weapons detection system suddenly became a frightening object lesson on how simple it is to hijack a plane. It's so easy, in fact, that all the elaborate detection and search programs being used by airlines across Canada and around the world had down to little more than public relations gimmicks.

When we asked the referee for permission to do the story at Gander, part of the deal was that we would not reveal all the details of what we saw, on the theory that we didn't want to repeat a step-by-step guide for would-be Cubans. After what happened, the airline's reasoning suddenly became a lot clearer, but a promise is a promise, and what follows contains two or three crucial omissions. Briefly then (and partly here's one airline's weapons detection setup, a combination of hand and electronic searches for metal objects covering everyone on the plane including the newsmen. This is an opportunity to be searched and then pick up a weapon, getting a gun about means smuggling it through three separate checks.

The first one is a search of your hand baggage and the contents of your purse and/or pockets. These are checked both by hand and with a metal detector, and after passing they are carried separately to the exit past by a member of the security team. Second, you walk through a kind of doorman that consists of another and, particularly sensitive, electronic metal detector. This detector will scan, buzzing in the presence of even minute quantities of metal — like the clip on your plastic bag — and if it does buzz, you will be delivered to a third check. Here, you will be searched with a second hand-held detector, to find out what set off the door buzzer device.

## AIR TRAVEL

BY ROBERT PARKER



Weapons check

**Coffee,  
Tea Or  
Cuba?**

When you clear riot, you can pick up your effects and board the plane.

On paper, it's a pretty good system and, to the casual observer, very reassuring, but after I'd been through the whole thing once, the security team convinced themselves that it must have been fooling and passed me. Here's why.

To use a metal detector properly, you have to answer two questions. First, what is carrying it to buzz, second, is that only there.

If the detector set up a search near a man's navel, it's probably picked up his belt buckle, but it could also have picked up the switchblade he has taped to his leg under the buckle, and the searcher won't know which it was until he has the buckle moved out of the way and checks again. The security team at Gander didn't do that.

Since the metal detectors don't tell the searchers how much metal is present, an obvious decoy for a weapon is another metal object, one that won't be checked too closely. The best examples are the ones that regular passengers carry all the time — a camera, a watch, a package of cigarettes (the first three the detectors caught). A knife can be taped inside a camera, with guns removed, you could hide a full-sized .30 calibre revolver, in, say, a Polaroid. You then cuff and pocket will surely conceal a small knife held against the underside of your wrist by a watch bracelet, and there's a number of small purse automatics that would fit inside a large package of cigarettes. Dynamic and plastic explosives, of course, are undetectable any way, and

blasting caps are small enough to be hidden inside food-wrapped eggs.

Apart from all of that, the two biggest holes in the system are the people hired to run it and the surface possessions department.

At Gander, and at some other Canadian airports, the security team is made up from part-time amateurs with only rudimentary training. The pay is five dollars per flight processed. The team we filmed worked without supervision from full-time personnel. They had never been told how (though their search should be, but had the idea they shouldn't delay a flight).

Because they were amateurs the team wasn't really suspicious enough. The drunk who stumbled into the doorway detector and does it off Kibler, the harried, nervous fellow who didn't give up all the metal objects in his pocket at the first check, conveniently "forgetting" until the third check when they become heavily dusty — neither type got the attention he deserved.

Due to amateurism and embarrassment, the third check didn't give nearly enough attention to ankles and feet, bags or groin, and a lack of training made everyone subject to the kind of psychological suggestion that the glove was a gun, made it to be passed from one hand to another while the passenger helpfully turns around, assisting the amateurs, so that the glove is never checked.

Faithfully, let us assume that innocent people will actually FIND the gun I have hidden away. What happens then?

You'd have to believe in fairy tales to suggest that a hijacker would calmly hand the gun over to the RCMP constables who observe but not do an arrest in the search. More likely he'll peek the gun at her and match her out to the airplane, leaving a helpless group of airline personnel behind.

Now that's the real point. Hijacking is always going to be possible, because there isn't an effective system to stop it.

Regulation requiring fines of up to \$5,000 or one year in prison for people who refuse to obey orders of airport security officers has been introduced in the House of Commons, but hijackings are not going to go on forever. Eventually a good system of international agreements, when it becomes reality, will make them as hard as gun wars with as big other major life-threatening crime.

It's always going to be easy to get on a plane with a gun, and any day you'll find the airlines and the government broke down and told us so, and got to work on the real solution. Eventually, hijackers will be like people who jump out a twentieth floor window: their real problems won't start until they reach the ground. ■

Robert Parker is a free-lance journalist on St. John's, Newfoundland.





## FILMS

BY JOHN HOPSESS



Marcel Bandu

### Our Right To Be Affronted

Any system of censorship that can ban the best film of 1973 (as Alberta and Nova Scotia did with Stephen Kellogg's *A Clockwork Orange*) and that threatens to ban or severely cut one of the best and most important films we're likely to see in 1975 (Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* starring Marlon Brando, which is unlikely to be shown unless in my private outdoor Quebec) is one that needs to be opposed.

If a film has no artistic value, no moral or psychological value, it is the responsibility of professional critics to denounce it unequivocally. They use the tools of analysis and collective judgment and respect the individual's freedom to choose between meritorious film and exploitative entertainment. The film censor on the other hand, works in secret, cutting out scenes, suppressing films, and denying the public even the right to know what has been deleted from a film and why.

In such provinces, a handful of people of no special qualifications are appointed, not elected, to their office and entrusted with the power of deciding what millions of citizens will be permitted to see and hear at the movies. Television, the legitimate theatre, radio and the record industry are not governed by censor. Not in the book publishing industry. And no one is heard arguing that these entertainment industries and art forms be similarly controlled. Just movies.

At present such provinces persecute a host of cultural expression people in Quebec: one film that was banned in Quebec, people in British Columbia can see film banned to those in Alberta. The vagaries of censorship from one province to another (last year the most was made in Quebec, a Canadian film, *Des Femmes en l'air*, which lost 29 minutes of its running time when it opened in Ontario—and supposedly) make a mockery of the words of the system. There can be no reasonable foundation for believing that people in one province are morally superior to those in another, simply because they had more cuts in their movies.

In 1972, 75% of all adult admissions to theatres in Canada and the United States came from people 12 to 29 years of age, with the peak occurring between 18 and 24, an age group that hardly disappears for censorship. A system of classification in which adult films can be shown near but not to those 18 and over—and the publication of film criticism which clearly indicates the contents of a film with the choice of audience left open—all the protection that thinkers need in a democracy. To want more than that is to restrict democracy and deprive of it.

Except in cases of crisis, such as the

Depression or World War II, it's difficult to produce a coherent consensus in a democratic society. Different value systems compete and clash, producing, in some people, stress and angst, in others, defiance. It is that lack of a consensus which leads some people to crave more governmental controls and to support such a superficial and flimsy remedy for social ills as film censorship.

In Michelangelo Antonioni's superb documentary on China, *China*, Gary Kato, recently shown on television, it was reported that in Communist China divorce is a rarity, drug use virtually nil, children are polite and well-disciplined, people work hard but cheerfully for longer hours and more years than any Westerner would tolerate, labor strikes never occur, while crimes such as rape, arson and murders have such a low incidence as to leave one almost incredulous. The Communists refuse to conduct their experiments with human nature, just as we, for better or worse, conduct our own based on a different set of beliefs. In many regions Russia and China have a decided edge

over the West, but we are attempting something far more difficult and risky in allowing people greater personal liberty. We have chosen to treat human nature, not as a struggle and choice, and this struggle leads both to greater heights of creativity and individuality as well to greater depths of loneliness, social alienation and viciousness.

It is part of the price we have to pay for living in a democracy that we will be affronted and offended frequently (in and out of movies) by people with aggressively different tastes and ideologies. Nevertheless the temptation to "sanctify" either the people or the films that offend us must be resisted. Even had time has a right to walk out its own destiny. Films such as *A Clockwork Orange* and *Last Tango in Paris* are undoubtedly offensive to some people, as both films increase our awareness of existing social pathology. This leads them to contend that such movies are "lack" when the images they see reflected in reality as accurate representations of modern life. Censorship only feeds the cancer, leading to less love and less of ourselves as we are, while leaving the social rot untouched and, even more, unacted.

We don't need a mediator between an art and the public. Screenings to be held in Kato or Montreal. To those who are most pleased when movies offer trading, except, fine, censorship can hardly be supported since honesty and realism never enter the films they enjoy and they have no scruples about seeing such things in newspapers.

As a director in Joseph Losey's *Damage Of The Damned* remarks in one panel: "The state is the only screen that has secrets from its master." But he never refers to a demand, Canada's low-key soap opera censorship practices need an overhaul. They treat major film directors as immature persons whose work is in need of revision. They treat the public with paternal condescension. But worst of all they work in secret.

Lady Caroline Lamb: Robert Bork, who wrote the screenplay *A Man For All Seasons* and *From Ryan's Daughter* and screenplay for *Lawrence of Arabia*, Dr. Zhang and Ryan's Daughter, here makes his debut as a writer-director with impressive results. There's a big departure of British air—Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, John Mills with Boris Yel, Sami Miles, playing the role. The film is a handsomely produced epic and period piece, reexamining the love affair between Lord Byron (Richard Chamberlain) and Lady Caroline Lamb in the early 1800s. The film is neither powerful nor great but it has immense charm and an impeccable taste. ■

John Hopess is a Canadian film director and critic.



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BY ROBERT HARLOW



Mort Cohen

## Confections Beyond Our Bestsellers

*Story So Far* (Coach House \$3.00) and *72* (the second annual collection by Oberon \$2.95 paper, \$3.95 cloth) or books by individual writers like Cohen (*Against* \$3.25 paper, \$4.50 cloth).

The *Story So Far* edited by George Browning came out in 1971 and it is almost a piece of crap, complete with considerable odd matches like putting the Queen's portrait next to people posing with subverted genitalia (why the airbrush cop-out is a mystery, probably even to the Queen), and flowering in her Preface backing away at the theoretical underpinnings of thought literature with ruminations borrowed from Olson, Creeley and Duncan. Writers can't control their externals, he says. "The materials are originally Nature... (who) can not be to advantage denied, not by reason, not by denigration." Control language and it leads to nihilism. "These poems are not such as he wrote." He arranges himself among the parasites? Editor Browning does not "look for a masterpiece because we have no more masters."

Actually, none of Browning's second-hand theory looks like the status in the collection. Five of his rappers (Michael Ondaatje, by author Delphine Marlet, Gladys Hadamarch and Stan Penik) and his himself are here too; bad writers of prose that it is difficult to see how any of them could master the technical ability to follow the rigidity of the theories outlined in the Preface. "Arranging oneself among the parasites" (assuming that a mosquito is master) is a

Robert Harlow's most recent novel is *Seven*. He is head of the creative writing department at USC.

consider enterprise. In any case perhaps they are not being themselves but only what they think of as fashionable, and freedom is what the people who actually impose aren't doing anymore. However, the collection is redeemed easily by David Madden's *Boomer*, an often hilarious version (there's another in the 72 collection), Roy South's *Galactus* which is in the midst of the north end of Wooten's life reaffirms one's faith in Southwicking Man and male sex fantasy, Valerie Kaur's beautifully controlled *Poly Waste A Cracker*, a little dense, and best of all, Allen Nowlan's *At The Edge Of The Woods* a fine tough piece of prose that makes a violent story a not possible to forget.

*72* is edited by David Helwig and Jean Houtman. It is a quite amazing collection, one that any Can Lit reader could peruse while to a class and have the student come away with a real sense of the disparity between what they've been told is "our" literature (i.e., Auden, Eliot and what actually is our literature). There is only one story that very nearly doesn't make it, John Newlove's *The Story Of A Car* shows the poet struggling with prose until he nearly writes his story out of sight. Prose will turn on anybody who thinks of mainstream and "avant" in that way. The result is an uneven collection, a category similar to *understand*. George McWhorter, a poet too, does it better in his capriciously satirical *The Harbinger*, and Margaret Atwood's *The Grace Of The Foxglove Plant* is perhaps the best story in this excellent collection. Five women, seven men represented here, each one worth the buying of the book.

Man Cohen's *Columbus And The For Lady* is quite clearly an event. Fifteen stories by six authors whose style is remarkably not and who, accomplished, amazing and stylish. Coming off the end of two good short novels, this collection establishes Cohen as an independent thinker in one voice, and we must look forward to his entering us and giving ourselves back to ourselves for a long time to come. Whether he is writing about male-female relationships or the two he tells us the truth or imaginary and people or just plain life, he knows how to tap an experience a little so that at once we can see the realities underlying it and the distorted reflections of them on the surface of his fictions. He knows that the short story is a way of capturing life so that it can happen, and that out of this paradox men learn. He knows when his story should speak and when his people should; he takes care to tell themselves. And he knows that the objectivity that helps make an event when Cohen's mainly subjective Cohen the writer. We're left free to enjoy the event. ■

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## The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Bloody Marys and all



To make a Bloody Mary, shake with ice 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff, 3 oz. tomato juice, 1/2 tsp. lemon juice, Worcestershire, salt and pepper

**Smirnoff**  
leaves you breathless

Fifteen years ago Canada had very few Little Magazines and none west of Toronto. Ten years ago there were suddenly dozens, each with its own constituency and lines of communication with other groups. Where a lot of new writers were at was easily known. Kenyon, Come, Gumbrey were the aboriginal energy centers of this new world, and for the next decade, when their critics came before composition, there were the also-Americans Robert Creeley, Charles Olson and Robert Duncan. Art was international, the youth movement was a world revolution, and by the middle of the Sixties Vancouver, San Francisco and Toronto were, in the minds of a generation now passing into their thirties, one and the same. I think we all became youth freaks then, and that was the closest we ever came to becoming actually Americans. But the America of the Kennedy era at the peak of its health and power, became suddenly an America with which young people had no connection. Who ever heard of an America (except?) And when the heart of Canada that wasn't attached umbilically to someone who was winning England was gone, France was shouting about Quebec (how bad America was evil. It was enough to drive a person to doing dope. Immediately we lost our way. It was the first splintered Canadiana, not even we declared war all by ourselves in 1970.

For the young writer of the Sixties, the road back from the edge of that yawning heterotopia, where everyone could be contained in five and five would rule a slow and steady state, has been a very positive and productive one. There is now some confidence in our ability to go it alone. Many Canadians have become aware of our economic capabilities and cheerfully support what used to be thought of as dubious enterprises. One of these is publishing, and with help from all of us a half-dozen new young presses now release books, nationally. These presses grew out of ground that worked over that platform of Little Magazines already mentioned, and they began with the idea of putting out small books of poetry in order to establish new reputations—a job they still do admirably. Now they are publishing the next stage of that development: short fiction. What was a cottage industry a decade ago has begun to free its first writing only for the world and it has already gone a long way toward giving us its own voice. Art may be international, but works in a local enterprise. These new publishers are making possible our voice and our locality. Coach House, Abrams, Oberon, Talon, Fiddlehead, New Press, Sono No. All of these houses have published or are about to publish collections of short fiction, other anthologies like *The*



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